CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLV. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1917. NO. 33.

Rural Route 3
Palmer J. Exner
Sept 11

The Cask of Gold

-:- Or -:-

JULIA'S TEST

By Augustin W. Breeden

"YOU see, Miss Julia, the trouble is you swell people don't understand us common folks,' drawled "Big Nome" Osbourne.

Now, that was a strange speech for one whose pockets habitually perspired gold and greenbacks—strange unless one knew "Big Nome."

"Archie Withersteen says it's all a matter of shrewdness," replied Julia Van Lorn. "He says the poorest man would corner the copper market and pile up his billions if he only knew how. Now, I believe riches and poverty are principally matters of luck."

"Put a P on the front of that, Miss Julia, and you'll be partly right."

"But you yourself, Mr. Osbourne, are an example of riches by luck. Why are you nicknamed 'Nome?' Isn't it because you made a million dollars in the Nome district?"

The big Alaskan did not answer for a moment. He selected an Indian peach from the filigree basket that stood on a wicker table between him and Julia Van Lorn, where they sat on the veranda of the famous summer hotel, Laurelhurst; industriously rubbed off the fur against the sleeve of his broadcloth coat, and proffered the peach and a silver-mounted paring knife to her.

"It wasn't all pure luck," he drawled, while his eyes filmed over reminiscently. "There's hardships in that country, Miss Julia. A man has to fight there to hold his own—fight with nature, and with men sometimes, and with—with himself, so to speak. But going back to what we were talking about, it's my opinion the poor are poor mostly because they are honest, and simple, and big-hearted."

An old North Carolina mountaineer with hair and beard like Santa Claus and cheeks like autumn apples, but with hands crooked from rheumatism and shoulders bent with age and toil, came from the rear of the hotel and sat down on the stone steps as if waiting.

"Did you ever talk to one o' these here mountaineers, Miss Julia?" asked Osbourne, in a low tone. "Speak to the old man yonder and do what you city folks call 'making conversation.' He's the old fellow that brings these peaches, I think."

"Oh, if you please," sweetly called Julia, "have you very many of these delicious peaches?"

"No, not many, miss—maybe three bushels all told. You see, miss, the

frost kills Injun peaches purty bad."

"I was thinking maybe I'd like to buy a few to send to my mother in New York. How much would you ask me for a fourth of a bushel?"

"Wall, ye see, miss, they ain't very good this year, 'count o' the stingin' and the rains. I hain't never axed over two bits a peck fer 'em; and I'm sorry, but they're all engaged to the lady that runs this hotel."

"Two bits is twenty-five cents," said Osbourne, softly, on seeing that Julia did not understand. "That's all he asked our landlady for these, and we're paying at about the rate of ten cents apiece for them."

"And what would you charge Mr. Osbourne and me for just a few for us to eat, say about as many as there are here in this basket?"

"Not a cent, miss. You two come up some time—anybody kin tell ye whar ole Jake Bledsoe lives. We don't put on very much style up at our place; but anything we've got'll be as free as water ef ye come up. And my ole mother'd be tickled to death to see ye—she's bedrid and don't git to see a powerful chance o' folks."

"I don't think we could come up, Mr. Bledsoe; but I thank you for the invitation just the same," said Julia, sweetly.

A housekeeper now bustled out and handed the old man some small change, but he seemed in no hurry to go, and lingered on the steps holding his flappy old felt hat in his hand.

"Do you believe in luck?" asked Osbourne, to help Julia make conversation.

"Shore do! Now you sow sage er kill a black cat, and see ef ye don't have bad luck fer seven years."

Archie Withersteen, scion of a wealthy family of Manhattan real estate owners, and generally understood to be engaged sine die to Julia Van Lorn, now came out and sat down near the fair interlocutor, laying down a costly cigar and reaching languidly for a peach. Archie was immaculate, recherche as to dress. He was slim and rather pale, with a forehead none too high, eyes close together above an aristocratic nose, thin lips, and a rather narrow, out-thrust jaw. A fighting man, one would have said, had he not seen the eyes; but the eyes said very plainly: "Not wolf, but coyote."

Withersteen caught the last of the old mountaineer's speech.

"What's that, old man?" he asked. "Bad luck to kill a cat, eh?" And do you believe in ghosts?"

"I believe in something," replied the old man, stoutly. "Plenty o' quare things happen; and they's houses whar quare noises is heered; and the dead do walk, sometimes."

"Oh, I agree with you about the ghost," laughed Archie, as he poised a slippery peeled peach before his ugly slit of a mouth ready to plump it in. "I once saw a big green ghost, tall as a church steeple. It came either out of a pint of ripe olives or a quart of green liqueur, and it sat on my chest at midnight and sang a song entitled, 'Ace-high Royal, Lacking the King.'"

The old man's face fell a little at this incomprehensible talk; and, in an effort to stop Withersteen from running on with his nonsense, Julia asked:

"And do you believe in fairies, sir?"

"I doan' know whut ye mean, miss."

"Good spirits," explained Osbourne, in his good-natured drawl. "Spirits that will do you a good turn."

"Wall, I heered of a man over on t'other side o' the Smokies in Tennessee, thet follered a ha'nt and was led to a ole Spanish gold mine."

Archie Withersteen asked a question more disrespectful than pointed, and the old man turned away without deigning to reply and disappeared below the high stone coping of the hotel veranda.

The eternal discussion anent the merits of the rich and the poor recommenced as soon as he was gone; and as usual the two men locked horns over it in deadly combat. "Nome" Osbourne felt a full-grown dislike for Withersteen, and his dislike grew almost to hatred every time he looked at the diamond circlet on the third finger of Julia's left hand. He could not for the life of him understand what pressure had been brought to bear on this rare girl to cause her to promise her hand to such a cad as Withersteen. The two men quarreled about the rich and poor, but any one could have seen they would have quarreled with equal gusto about anything else that came up.

"Shrewdness is what makes the difference," sneered Withersteen. "The rich are shrewd and the poor are a lot of muddle-headed boobs. Listen how that old geezer talked about ghosts and fairies and the like! It isn't because the poor hate money; they just don't know how to get it!"

Osbourne leaned across the table and spoke into Julia's ear:

"It's because one is not willing to ask more than the peaches are worth, and the other sells them for all they will bring regardless of grade or quality."

Archie grew white with jealousy at seeing Osbourne speak thus to his fiancee, and stalked off toward the golf course in a towering miff.

Osbourne saw a great deal of Julia during those days; and always she seemed to be engaged in a struggle with herself. So, following the dictates of his big heart, he treated her like a little sister. And meanwhile he pursued his acquaintance with old Jake Bledsoe, called on him, and devised a means to help the poverty-stricken old man and his sick mother in a small way without getting up against the barrier of their pride. But he said nothing about this to Julia or any one else at the hotel.

Then, one rainy afternoon, when the demon ennui stalked the hotel corridors, Osbourne, returning from a secret charity visit to Jake Bledsoe's cabin on the high ridge back of the village, met Julia on the ridge walking all alone in the rain. He made her turn back with him toward the hotel, put his coat about her, and before they had gone a hundred yards together beneath the dripping trees, lost his head and told her how long he had been loving her. But Julia's answer to all his advances was merely a sad shake of the head, as she pointed to the diamond circlet on the third finger of her left hand. So the two returned dripping to the hotel, very good friends indeed, but nothing more.

The next morning was one of those glorious mornings that follow a night of rain in the Great Smokies, a morning when love tugs at the hearts of the young, and memory dances fantastic before the eyes of the old, and the wanderlust takes hold of him who has once wandered. The Smokies stood up gloriously and clear-cut in the rain-washed air against a sky of purest blue.

"Great, ain't it?" drawled Osbourne, as he seated himself near Julia, where she sat in her favorite porch chair.

"It certainly is!"

"I think I'll mush out o' here beyond that far blue ridge one o' these days. This hotel loafing is sort of—sort of suffocatin'," he added, with a wry smile.

"Stay here till after the masked ball, anyway," begged Julia. "It is only a week off."

"Nome" Osbourne looked at her with a sort of doglike devotion in his eyes. He wondered what there could be in her invitation to stay. The ubiquitous Archie hove into sight and anchored himself on the other side of Julia's chair, ready for the daily argument of the rich versus the poor.

But Osbourne was in no mood for a battle of words that morning. He had been a man-size man when he fought for gold in the North. He had often fought bareheaded and almost to the death with the scoundrels that tried to encroach upon his rights. Now his hands itched to be laid upon young Withersteen.

"I'll bet you if you'd give one of these poor boobs a chance to just pick up gold as long as he wanted to, he'd overload himself so that he'd never be able to get away with it," sneered Withersteen.

Osbourne flushed hot with anger. He hated a cynic, and he felt that this cynic had found the weak spot in his argument. Osbourne had witnessed the deforming effect of gold on the characters of men both rich and poor, and he felt that his adversary was right in this surmise.

"I'll bet you a few thousand he wouldn't," he drawled, in a voice admirably controlled. "Money talks, you know!"

"I'll bet you he would."

"All right, Withersteen, I'll bet you any amount you'll name, and we'll let Miss Julia here fix up the test. She can do it, I know; she's up to all sorts of stunts that other folks wouldn't think of."

"All right, I'll bet with you; but the test must be fair."

Osbourne gave a quick look to Julia and back at Withersteen at this word fair. His arms ached to double this cad up like a boy's jackknife for implying that Julia Van Lorn could be anything but fair.

"Let's see what the proposition is," said Julia, coldly, "your contention, Mr. Withersteen, is, I believe, that if a common poor man was turned loose near a pile of gold with the right to take all he wanted, but not to come back for the second load, he'd be so greedy that he'd overload himself; and Mr. Osbourne bets that he wouldn't, but would show judgment and moderation."

"That's the bet," said Osbourne, and Withersteen slowly acquiesced.

"All right, then; if you gentlemen agree I will set both the terms of the test and the stakes for the bet. Do you both agree?"

Archie's pale face went as white as paper at this question. He was not sportsman enough to enjoy any such wager. Osbourne felt his heart beating a ratatan thru all his arteries. A sweet surmise came to him: What if the girl meant to put herself up as the stake?

"I agree!" he offered, readily.

"I agree!" Archie could just choke out the words.

"Very well," said the girl; "this is a gentlemen's agreement and needs no witness nor stake-holder. And remember, please, I set the wager myself. You two shall know what is up on this bet only just before the test is made, and you must promise me now to assist me in any capacity I shall require while carrying out the test."

Both men gave their word, Osbourne eagerly, like a schoolboy agreeing to his share of a picnic fund; Archie reluctantly, like a miser who gambles only for gain.

The next day Julia called the two men to her and gave them their instructions.

"Mr. Osbourne," she said, "please wire your banker in New York to ship you about sixty thousand dollars in five, ten and twenty-dollar gold-pieces."

"All right," replied Osbourne.

Archie's face went first pale and then red at the mention of so large a sum.

"Archie, you will secure a strong buckskin or canvas bag capable of holding more gold than a man can carry."

"But Julia, how are you going to fix it so your man won't know there's a bet up?"

"Secure the bag!" commanded the girl, coldly. "You agreed to help in any way I asked you. I shall trust you to bring the bag at the right time and place it in a manner I shall direct."

"All right, but——"

"Please be easy in your mind, Archie," interrupted Julia, sweetly. "I come of a long line of honorable ancestry. I blush to have to remind you that we Van Lorns stoop to no chicanery, nor allow it in those we deal with."

As the big masquerade ball drew near in time, Julia was very busy getting up costumes and things, as who indeed was not, among the guests at Laurelhurst. She sent down to Biltmore for four trustworthy flunkies to assist her with her stunt. Every one was expecting something very clever of Julia Van Lorn, tho no one could guess what was to be the precise nature of it.

The afternoon before the grand ball Julia once more called Archie and Osbourne to her. This time they met in the little reception-room of her suite.

"Have you the gold ready?" she asked Osbourne.

"Have you the bag ready?" she asked Archie.

She received affirmative answers.

"You will take a forty-gallon cask," she commanded Osbourne; "fill it about two-thirds full with nuts or bolts or something of that sort, but plate the top of it at least a third of the way down with gold-pieces."

"But, but——" began Archie.

"But me no buts!" warned Julia, holding up a finger. Then, "Here are four men whom I have secured to help us with our stunt. One will be a herald. I have trained him for his part. Two will assist you in bringing up your gold, Mr. Osbourne, and will act as guards. They are entirely trustworthy. This man, Mr. Withersteen, will do your bidding in bringing in the sack and holding it while it is being filled. You may instruct him not to let our poor man test the weight of the sack in any way. I have arranged suitable costumes for all these men and for you two. You will all report here at seven o'clock sharp to be costumed. Until then au revoir."

Osbourne called the two flunkies who were to help him with his gold, and bowed and left the room, but Archie lingered behind.

"Julia," he complained, "I don't like this monkey business a bit! There's too much uncertainty to this thing! How am I to know what stakes you have set?" It flashed thru Julia's mind that he feared she had put herself up as the wager. She was momentarily glad that he showed that much anxiety over the possibility of losing her. The next instant she was disillusioned. "Surely, Julia, you don't aim to make the bet cover all that sixty thousand dollars? It's too much for any man to put up on such an uncertainty!"

"Listen, Archie—Mr. Osbourne would never ask me to do this—but for your peace of mind I'll tell you what the wager is. It's this: If the poor man we choose for the test takes only so much gold as he can carry away, then he gets it; you lose it by repaying Mr. Osbourne; and Mr. Osbourne gains nothing. If Mr. Poorman overloads himself, then you get the sack of gold he has filled for himself at Osbourne's expense. You see if Osbourne wins, he wins nothing and you lose very little; if Osbourne loses he loses heavily and you make a big winning."

Archie grabbed his fiancee's hand in his. "Julia," he cried enthusiastically, "I always knew you would give me the advantage in this deal! You're a trump, Julia! But listen, there is some danger that our man may load up a good man's load and stop, and then I lose heavily!"

"You have to take that risk," said Julia, a little wearily. "Please go out and send Mr. Osbourne in here; I want to tell him the terms of the bet."

"Mr. Osbourne," she said, when the big Alaskan came in, "I called you back to tell you what the wager is."

"You don't need to tell me till after the test if you don't want to, Miss Julia," said Osbourne, very kindly. "I trust you."

"But I told Archie, and so I must tell you." There was a little pathetic catch in Julia's voice as she outlined the terms of the wager as she had done for her betrothed.

Osbourne's face must have shown the disappointment he felt in his heart.

"You think the terms are unfair, Mr. Osbourne," pleaded the girl. "They are; but I didn't think you'd mind!"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of the money part of the deal. But, Miss Julia, I'd sort o' thought—sort o' hoped maybe you'd—you'd sort o' put yourself up—but of course, I can see now, you couldn't do that. You're too much of a lady; and I was a brute for hoping such a thing; and that—that d—d ring spoils everything!"

"Mr. Osbourne, I'm fighting a hard battle. You're so big and generous. I've

The Muster-Roll

A battle had been fought,
And on the plain, unmindful of defeat
Or victory, the slain and wounded lay.
Grim Death was busy still, unsatisfied,
Gathering the remnants of that sad
day's spoil.

As night drew on,
Two men of God were seen moving amid
Those scenes of death and dying agony,
As, nerved by heavenly strength and
tender care
For souls, they sought to comfort dying
saints
By whispering in their ears His promises.
From Whom nor life nor death can separate;
And to the Lamb of God, Whose precious blood
Can cleanse from every sin, to point the
gaze
Of those whose day of life was almost
past,
Their sins yet unforgiven.

And now they stand
Beside a manly form, outstretched,
alone.
His helmet from his head had fallen.
His hand
Still firmly grasped his keen but broken
sword,
His face was white and cold; and,
thinking he was gone,
They were just passing on, for time
was precious
When a faint sigh caught their attentive ears.
Life was still there; so bending softly
down,
They whispered in his ears most earnestly,
Yet with that hush and gentleness with
which
We ever speak to a departing soul:
"Brother, the blood of Jesus Christ,
God's Son,
Cleanseth from every sin!"

The pale lips moved,
And gently whispered, "Hush!" and
then they closed,
And life again seemed gone.

But yet once more
They whispered those thrice-blessed
words, in hope
To point the parting soul to Christ and
heaven:
"Brother, the precious blood of Jesus
Christ
Can cleanse from every sin!"

Again the pale lips moved;
All else was still and motionless, for
Death
Already had his fatal work half done;
But gathering up his quickly-failing
strength,
The dying soldier—dying victor—said,
"Hush! for the Savior calls the muster-
roll;
I wait to hear my name!"

They spoke no more.
What need to speak again? For now
full well
They knew on Whom his dying hopes
were fixed,
And what his prospects were; so,
hushed and still,
They, kneeling, watched.

And presently a smile
As of most thrilling and intense delight
Played for a moment on the soldier's
face,
And with his one last breath, he whispered,
"Here!"

Oh grand
And blessed death! Quite ready for the
call,
He heard his Captain's voice. Life's
battle fought—
Life's victory won—the soldier thus
received
His welcome and his crown!

noped all along you'd help me fight it out some way!"

"I'd help you if I knew how, girlie. But promise me this—to fight it out honest. If—if he ain't the right sort—don't let me enter into the calculation if you don't want to—but fight it out honest, for yourself. When a woman marries, she's a long time married—a good woman, I mean. You owe yourself a square deal!"

"But, so far as I know, no Van Lorn ever broke his promise!"

"Maybe they were careful not to make rash promises?"

"Ah, that's it. My mother and Aunt Julia dingdonged at me till they all but ran me crazy, and then in a moment of apathy I allowed myself to become engaged—but, he's a cynic, and he cheats at cards!"

"Give me the word, Miss Julia, and I'll——" began Osbourne. "But no, all I've got to say is: Give yourself a square deal!"

The throng that promenaded beneath the multicolored lights of the ballroom that night was fantastic in the extreme. There were Maori warriors, Sioux chiefs and medicine men, Astrakhan sheiks, Guineveres, Galahads, a Burma girl from Mandalay, a score of other oddities, and one tall man actually rigged out as a totem pole. But the chef-d'oeuvre of the evening was a gigantic, bottle-green gnome, "Nome" Osbourne, sitting cross-legged on a barrel marked "Alaskan Gold." On either side of the barrel, like knights guarding a king's throne, stood two men dressed in scarlet in the style of the squires of the days of King John of England. These scarlet guards carried long spears and prodded any inquisitive masker who ventured too close. And before the barrel-throne stood a herald, also of the days of King John, with a long silver trumpet in his hand and hung to the trumpet a banner with this inscription, gilt on scarlet cloth: "The Battle of the Rich and Poor." To the right of the right-hand guard, beside an empty, crumpled bag, stood a fourth flunky dressed as a yeoman and with a heavy sledgehammer over his shoulder.

"What is the idea?" asked the Burma girl of a Sioux chieftain.

"It seems yon ugly monarch is going to distribute free largess to the proletariat. I am told the top of yon hogshead is filled a third of the way down with the coin of the realm, and the rest is railroad spikes. Let us crowd to the fore and get in at the distribution before the railroad spikes are reached."

"Listen," cried the Burma girl, "the herald is about to make a proclamation."

The herald blew three silvery blasts upon his trumpet and cried:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Test is now about to be made to learn if the poor are poor by choice or necessity. High argument has been held on this sore point by two noble gentlemen; and to prove the case a cask of gold has been provided, and a common yokel from the mountains will be led in and invited to take from the cask and drop into the bag, which will be held for him, all the gold his heart desires. He will be told to take all he wants the first trip, as he cannot return the second time. If he takes no more from the cask than he can lift and carry, then shall he go rich and happy from the hall, and the poor will be honored in him. But if in his greed he shall put into yon bag one doit more than he can lift and carry, then shall he go penniless from the hall, and the poor are shamed. Time is now given for those of a sporting tendency to lay their bets. The yokel will not be allowed to count the gold he takes nor to heft the bag, nor will he be told any condition of the test that may make him wary or careful, but will be left to do wholly as his heart dictates!"

The Sioux chief bet the Burma girl a silk purse, full, against a sow's ear, empty, that the man would overload.

"The whole thing is a bet," explained the totem pole to a fat little Chinese mandarin. "It all started because Osbourne and Archie Withersteen got to arguing. Now the girl, Julia Van Lorn, has fixed up this test to put an end to their wrangling. She's engaged to that cad Withersteen, and they're mated about like a toad and a butterfly. Withersteen sneers at everything in heaven and earth and the waters under the earth, and she—she's an angel. I hope to the Lord that Osbourne wins this bet!"

"Bet you two-to-one he doesn't win," proposed the mandarin.

Bets were offered at two-to-one, three-to-one, and finally at five-to-one, that the man would overload; but there were very few takers. When the betting was closed, the herald once more blew three clear blasts upon his trumpet, and into the weirdly lighted hall came slowly Julia Van Lorn, with silvery wings and dressed like a fairy, and Archie Withersteen dressed simply in black domino and cowl; and between them walked an old man with hair and beard like Santa Claus and cheeks like autumn apples, but with hands crooked from rheumatism and shoulders bent with age and toil. Osbourne's heart gained half a beat as he recognized the old man for his honest old friend Jake Bledsoe. Osbourne reflected that the two had no doubt chosen his cabin entirely by chance, as he felt sure neither of them had given the old peach peddler more than a passing thought. But it was a chance that meant much to the big Alaskan.

The old man had never seen a masquerade ball before—never so much as heard of one. A creature that looked like an angel to him had appeared at the door of his cabin on the top of the ridge above the village, and bade him follow her and receive free all the gold he wanted; and he had followed her and her dark escort by devious paths to this place. One can imagine with what a mixture of awe and incredulity the simple-hearted old man now looked upon these silent, bizarre creatures that crowded forward under the weird beams of the vari-colored lights.

Osbourne leaped from the cask where he had been seated and motioned for the yeoman to break in the head. As the hammer crashed down and splintered the wood, there was an involuntary "Ah!" from the crowd at the sight of so much gold.

The beautiful fairy led the old man forward, and with a deep bow and in a voice that was graciousness itself, said:

"Dear old man, here is free gold. Take all you want at this time, for you cannot return for more. Drop it by double handfuls into yonder bag; and when you have all you want, take up the bag and go your way."

The herald leaped forward to assist

"I am no fairy."

the yeoman in holding up the bag for the old man.

"This ain't my money," said the old mountaineer. "I never yearnt it. But they's a mortgage on our place, and my ole mother is bedrid, and they're threatenin' to take our home, and ef they move 'er down the mounting now, hit'll kill 'er, shore. I'll jes' take one double handful, and ef you'll give me yore address, miss, I'll yearn the money later and pay ye back."

The old man took a double handful of the coin. Some of it spilled between his crooked, trembling fingers and rolled across the polished floor. The rest dropped with a clatter into the bag.

"Take more! Take more!" shouted a dozen voices, mostly of those who had laid bets at five-to-one.

"Take all you want, dear old man; it is intended for you—all you want." An angel's voice could not have been any sweeter than was the voice of Julia Van Lorn as she spoke these words.

"No, miss, I never yearnt it," reiterated the old man. "But I thank you ever so much, miss; and I think I'll be mosey along now. My ole mother'll be mighty proud when I pour this daown on the kitverin' by her, and she'll know the mortgage kin be paid off and she kin die thar on the old home place in peace!"

The girl herself, while a silvery tear glistened in either eye, took up another double handful of gold-pieces from the cask and dropped it into the bag.

The old man started to lift the bag from the floor. It did not budge. He tugged at it; but it would not come free. It was uncanny that a hale old man like that could not lift two double handfuls of gold. With the second effort he dropped the bag and fled in confusion from the hall, the masqueraders making a lane for him as he went.

"Archie Withersteen, this is your doing!" The good fairy turned scornful eyes upon the cringing figure in the domino. "You haven't a drop of good red sporting blood in your veins! You bribed your man to nail that sack to the floor—Here, where is the old man? He shall have all the gold he can carry away, and you shall pay it! Herald, run after the old man and call him back!"

But Jake Bledsoe was gone. All bets were called off by general consent. Every one present was agreed that Withersteen had acted as no gentleman should. Supper was announced; masks came off amid chatter and laughter and exclamations of surprise; and the incident of the gold test passed forever into the limbo of light gossip.

"Nome" Osbourne shed his gnomish garb and came forward and stood over the figure in the black domino, looking down upon him pityingly and scornfully. The good fairy returned from trying to call the old man back. She slowly drew a diamond circlet from the third finger of her left hand and thrust it into Archie's palm.

"Here is something that has disgraced me long enough!" she said. "Here! Take it! You can perhaps sell it for thirty pieces of silver!"

She turned her back upon her astonished fiance, hastily gathered up the gold-pieces from the bottom of the sack and hurried with them from the hall. Archie slunk away. He didn't even attempt to follow her. Osbourne gave an order to the two guards, whom he felt he could trust to look after his gold for the night, and then hastened after the girl.

He knew where she would go with that gold. He caught up with her as she was passing thru the deserted streets of the village, and together, but silently, they walked thru the night mists to the cabin of the old peach-grower. When they reached the place, Osbourne stepped back into the shadow and the girl called. The old man came and stood in the doorway, where a smoky oil lamp without a chimney illuminated his snowy head as with a halo. He had evidently not arrived long ahead of them. His face was very haggard; he had plainly passed thru what for him was a great tragedy.

"Mr. Bledsoe," pleaded Julia, "I am heartily ashamed of my part in this affair tonight; and I have come to tell you so and to bring you the money to pay off your mortgage. I am no fairy, but just plain Julia Van Lorn of New York; and I want to tell you there is more worth in the little finger of one such as you than in a whole tribe of us money-grabbers!"

"I don't rightly take your meanin', miss," answered the old man. "But I don't want your money! You rich folks air a cruel pack, with your mockery and your pranks and play-games. I was fool enough to leave my pore ole sick mother and foller you; and when I got back she'd had a sinkin' spell, and—she may not live!"

The good fairy sank down on her knees on the log steps in front of the old man and caught one trembling calloused hand in hers.

"Oh, I am so ashamed—so ashamed!" she sobbed. "To think we used you in your need to make a—a hoodlum holiday!"

"A hoodlum holiday," muttered Osbourne to himself, as he looked upon the touching scene, "that's what it was!" Somehow the girl kneeling there before the poor old man made him think of a picture he had seen in a New Orleans cathedral, a picture of the Man of Galilee crowned with thorns and falling under the weight of a heavy wooden cross. "But she—she intended none of it for sport," he muttered to himself. "She is an angel!"

The old man put his free hand upon the head of the sobbing girl.

"I don't hold nawthin' agin you, miss," he soothed, "not agin you. But I cain't take your charity."

"Then take something from me as a loan," said Osbourne, as he stepped forward into the circle of light. "Listen, Mr. Bledsoe, I was once a poor man like you and honest like you—too proud to beg, or steal, or cheat, or truckle. I'm still too proud for any of that. Now you know I'm your friend. Let me lend you what money you need and take over this mortgage—I'll lend you a way-yonder more money on your place than those money sharks down at the county seat. Remember, you owe it to your old mother to give her everything she needs in her last days."

The old man looked at his aged mother dozing fitfully on a poor, flat bed.

"Slip in and pour it daown on the kivverin' by her," he murmured to the girl. "Ef she sees ye', she'll think yo're a angel out o' heaven; and I halfway believe ye' air myself, Mr. Osbourne, you and me kin fix up the notes and things in the mornin', cain't we?"

The aged woman dreamed an angel came and dropped down a stream of gold beside her; and when she awoke there sure enough was the gold, twice as much as was needed. And the white-haired son humored his mother's fancy that it had been brought by an angel; for there is a second childhood where those on the borderland play make-believe with those within the border, even as older children play make-believe with young ones; and Jake Bledsoe halfway believed Julia Van Lorn was indeed an angel.

And Osbourne was sure of it, when on their return down the misty mountainside that night he once more asked his question, and got for answer a show of hands in which the hateful diamond ring was no longer present.

"Your poor have stood their gold test, the hardest test of all," murmured Julia. "I accept them, and you as their representative. Let us two be as the poor—

The Serpent's Bride

-:- Or -:-

An Indian Secret

By Arthur Preston Hankins

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 32, August 11. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

SARGENTO, the gray saddler, carried Monte Dillon at a swinging singlefoot over the mesa to the Fiesta de Santa Maria de Refugio. The pack burro trotted behind, protesting at the end of a taut leadrope. Achilles Peebles, on Monte's advice, had preceded him in the machine. Monte thought it better that the two should act as strangers, or merely casual acquaintances, until the ground had been looked over.

A deep thoughtfulness now settled on the saddle tramp as his pony's feet thudded in the dust of the crooked road. In telling Peebles, in the Alexandria, of the snake dance Monte had been interrupted. Peebles had asked to hear no more while it became convinced of Monte's truthfulness; he preferred to gain his first impression of the ceremony thru the medium of his own eyes. Doubtless otherwise, Monte would have blundered on and told the whole of it. Now, after having listened to the ethnologist's remarks at the campfire, he was thankful for the interruption.

For these remarks had brought back old memories. Peebles had spoken of the almost universal connection of a woman and a snake in reptile worship. And what Monte had been checked in divulging was that a woman had played a conspicuous part in the hideous orgies on the mountain.

Not a woman, either, but a girl—a half-breed. A brown, lithe, round-bosomed, gliding creature, wildly beautiful, it had seemed, as nature itself. She was 21, or thereabouts; now she would be 24. From his concealment in the thicket the cowboy had feasted his eyes upon her. Some weird, unfamiliar hungering had throbbed somewhere within him. In this half-tamed girl of the woods and mesas he had thought he sensed his mate. He had been so young!

She had been barefooted, her arms bare to the shoulders. Circling wrists and ankles were red bands, dangling from which were many quills. Bean vines were twisted in the black hair, forming a sort of garland by no means unbecoming. There was no other fantastic decoration. A simple white American dress completed her apparel. She had held a gourdful of what Monte now knew to be sacred meal. So wrapped up in her personality had he been that he had taken little heed of her part in the ceremony.

Next day, miles from the scene of the dance, he had ridden upon her and an old hag gathering early acorns in the woods to make the native bellota. With a thumping heart he had dismounted.

The girl had been shy, half afraid of him. She answered his trumped-up questions in soft Spanish, with lowered eyelids. The old hag had sat and glared, with never a word for the bold caballero.

At last Monte, bereft of an excuse for remaining, had ridden on. He turned in his saddle at no great distance. The girl stood looking after him, black eyes agleam, lips slightly parted. He waved his hand. She flutteringly returned the wave, and turned quickly as if in a paroxysm of giggles.

Not since then had Monte seen her. Months passed and he remembered; then he forgot, or the hypnotism of her passed away.

Now he was riding to see her. If she was not mated to some truculent buck she would form the nucleus of his plans. If she was married, another plan must be formed. Yes, the wild longing thrill the sight of her had sent thru him no longer pained him. Three years had passed. He would use this girl to gain the knowledge Peebles craved. If he succeeded, Peebles had promised a thousand dollars. It was a staggering sum—it would establish him. He must give up this roving some day—soon. No matter how much he loved it, his education and raising demanded the sacrifice.

But why hadn't he told Peebles his plan? Was he ashamed of it? These questions he asked himself. These questions he tried not to answer. In his heart he knew he was ashamed, but wouldn't confess to himself. But what did it matter? An Indian girl!

He was nearing Unal. On another road, the main one to the reservation and running at right angles to the one he followed, he saw many brown horsemen and many wagons making toward the celebration. This fiesta was the first of a series which would occur at intervals till mid-winter; there would be a goodly attendance; there would be many athletic games, many races, much gambling.

The road made a turn around the corner of a field of corn higher than horse and rider. Before him in full view lay Unal.

The American flag fluttered at the top of a tall mast in the patio, or court, of a brush ramada. The ramada was constructed in the form of a square, of sycamore, willow and cottonwood boughs. Booths, where refreshments were served, and gambling games carried on—some of them for rent to visitors who cared to remain thru the eight days of celebration—opened into the court. About the ramada huddled the few huts of the Unals—each with its patch of green corn or beans, its blue morning glory vines or grapevines clambering over it, till the door looked like the hole in an oriole's nest.

There came to Monte's nostrils the weird odor of Indian life—that faint, indescribable, smoky odor which always quickened his pulse. There was something about the existence of these carefree children of the mesa—something about this odor—which always bred discontent within him and set him to longing for something, he knew not what.

Few Indians were in sight. But hundreds of horses were tethered in the livery ramada, which he now passed; and he knew a great congregation swarmed in the patio of the main ramada. He jerked the pack burro into a quicker trot, then lifted Sargento into his short, rocking-horse gallop. Sargento seemed to feel that "class" was required of him. His little ears went forward, stiff as fence pickets. His neck arched. He shied at this and that familiar object, all for effect. Two minutes later, with spur rowels and bridle chains jingling, tapaderos and leather chaps flapping, and with Sargento tonguing the wheel of his half-breed bit, they clattered into the ramada of the Fiesta de Santa Maria de Refugio.

The hum of hundreds of voices ceased. In a cloud of dust Monte galloped near the center of the patio, the crowd parting. There, with a quick movement, he reined in Sargento till he sat down, shaking his head and rattling the bit. Monte leaned back in the saddle and announced his arrival by a round of reports from his six-shooter, followed by the cowpunchers' weird, long-drawn "Hi-yah"—which is said to cause the coyote to tuck his tail and sneak away in shame.

A few guttural shouts answered him—only a few. But staring black eyes and silence were the greatest proofs of the impression he had made. With a broad grin all around, Monte let Sargento spring from his sitting posture, reholstered his Colt, and swung from the saddle.

He called loudly in Spanish for the liveryman, who came trotting. When an Indian liveryman trots it proves he feels the importance of the rider. Monte gave the pack burro into his keeping, then, hitching up his heavy six-shooter, began strolling thru the crowd, which made way for him and followed him with its myriad black, awed eyes.

Wrinkled squaws squatted at the doors of booths and dealt Mexican monte. Pretty, creamy-skinned half-breed girls tripped about, their arms encircling one another's waists. Young bucks in groups, vaqueros from neighboring ranchos, talked saddles and bridles and cinches and taps. Their eyes followed Monte covetously. Wrinkled old patriarchs sat in the shade and smoked, apparently asleep but for the cunning eyes glittering from the seams, keen as the eyes of a fox. On the platform in the center a squaws' peon game was in progress. They chanted low, squatting as they passed the pawn beneath the blanket in the effort to outwit their opponents. Dice clicked; cards sputtered; wheels of chance spun round; little balls rolled and clattered to some one's loss or gain; money jingled—over all hung that indescribable smoky Indian odor which Monte's nostrils dilated to drink in.

As he passed from booth to booth, from game to game, his eyes searched for her whom he had seen on the mountain, barefooted, garlanded with the green vines of the chili bean. And suddenly he was face to face with her.

She came from a booth, an earthen olla on her shoulder. She was dressed in white, well shod, and with her black hair parted from forehead to nape of neck and drawn into rosettes which hid all but the lobes of the little ears. She paused. A look of recognition crossed her features. The long black eyelashes drooped. She went on to fill her olla from the creek, a short distance away.

Monte blinked his eyes lingeringly, and passed on the other way.

She had changed. She had been pretty then; now she was almost beautiful. There was a difference in her from the wild thing of the mountain. A loftier atmosphere pervaded her. She was anything but squawlike. The white blood in her veins was beginning to rule.

Monte strolled on, filled with a hundred thoughts of her, when suddenly he bumped into Achilles Peebles. Peebles was one of a group of white people. There was the Irish padre from a nearby mission, in black, with his little band collar, a short, shiny-faced little priest, all smiles and beneficence. There were three men in khaki and leather puttees, fellows who looked as if they belonged to some engineering party. There were four white women, two elderly, one middle-aged, one——

But here Peebles grasped Monte's arm.

"Remarkable thing, Dillon," he said. "I've met an old friend. Let me introduce you—good chance for you to mix with other whites and throw off suspicion."

He led the saddle tramp to the ladies. The first elderly woman was the wife of the chief engineer of some Government work then in progress at a close-by reservation. The second was her sister, camping with the party. The middle-aged lady was the wife of another member of this party. Then came the girl, Miss Idona Rivers.

After being introduced to her Monte met the men. But he scarcely remembered them. Miss Idona Rivers filled all his requirements for the nonce. She was a tall girl, healthily tanned, with brown hair and eyes, a mischievous mouth, and dressed—well, just right. The brown eyes fairly devoured Monte from head to foot till he found himself blushing.

"Frankly, Mr. Dillon," she told him, "I didn't want to visit this fiesta. I knew it would be slow and colorless—they always are. But you've added a dash to the picture that makes me glad I came. Won't you come into Mr. Peebles' booth with me, and tell me the last thing you know about cows and chaps and latigos and things? I'm from Philadelphia, so you can stretch the truth to your heart's content."

And followed by the laughter of the others, she took his arm and led him into one of the adjoined booths, where Peebles' camp outfit and automobile cushions were strewn over the dirt floor.

She sat down on a rough bench.

"Now stand in front of me, and let me have a look at you," she ordered. "I'm not impertinent, am I? You don't mind? Really, I came West to see you three months ago, and I've just found you. My goodness! Take out that pistol and snap it, won't you?"

Monte, feeling like a boy at a little girls' party, took out his Colt and "snapped it."

"Let me do it," she demanded, and holding the pearl handle with both hands, she used both little forefingers to pull the trigger.

She passed it back. "And those are chaparejos?" She pointed to the ornate leather trouser guards. "And the little do-dinguses on them are silver, Mr. Peebles said. He has told me all about you. I saw you ride in. My, that was great! I'd have given a penny if I'd had my camera ready. I wanted to go over and see you then, but for some reason Mr. Peebles wouldn't let me. And that hatband—may I see it? . . . My, isn't the hat heavy! Woven horsehair, Mr. Peebles said. Isn't it just too unique! Sit down, now, please, and tell me all about the cattle ranches, won't you?"

Monte sat beside her.

"Mr. Peebles said you wouldn't mind my gushing over you—that you would probably like it. Do you?"

Monte laughed a trifle uncomfortably. "I must confess to a certain amount of pride in my trappings," he said. "If not, I suppose I shouldn't have 'em. There's a streak in me that I can't just fathom. I derived more human satisfaction from the Indians' awe of my outfit than I did from the cheers at my graduation speech." Monte considered himself quite crafty in thus letting her know that he was of the "seen-better-days" variety of cowmen.

But she surprised him. "Yes, Mr. Peebles said you had been spoiled by being sent to college. He said you were that way."

"Have you known Mr. Peebles long?"

"Oh, no. I only met him today. You see, Mrs. Stellings—that's the middle-aged woman you were introduced to—is my sister. Her husband is an engineer in the Indian service. He met Mr. Peebles down in Arizona, when the party was putting in an irrigation system for the Navajos. Mr. Peebles was there studying the tribes, I believe. Dave recognized Mr. Peebles as soon as he saw him drive up in his machine. I'm out here visiting my sister, and that's where I come in.

"But I'm growing fast to be a Westerner. When I first came out I would barely bow to a man for a month after I'd met him. Now I'm calling him Bill or Jake when I remark about the weather in the second sentence after the introduction. So Mr. Peebles and I are already old friends."

"And how about you and me?"

"Don't be inane. Can't you see? Come on—I'll show you. Let's go and shoot craps, or whatever they do. They say even white women must gamble at a fiesta, or they are considered impolite. I'm just dying to clean 'em out!"

"Yes," Monte replied stiffly, "it is considered within taste to participate in all the festivities. Down at Palinqua the superintendent's wife and the doctor's wife, and all of 'em, gamble at fiestas. The Indians like it—and it's their celebration. It's Western."

"Of course," she readily agreed. "Come on—I'd rather do it with you because you understand. My sister doesn't approve. Let's sneak away."

Monte's head was in a whirl. The perfect comradeship of this pretty girl, whether inherent or assumed merely during her Western visit, was intoxicating. He knew little about Eastern girls; he had thought them unapproachable for a man of his unfettered code.

And for all Idona Rivers' frankness and light speech, there was about her something so refined and—well, he couldn't just name it—that made him a bit diffident. Instinctively he felt that she moved in another atmosphere than his—an atmosphere of wealth and culture. It set him once more to longing for the unattainable. She was a new element in his life. He realized and was awed by her difference.

How neatly her gown fitted! How becomingly her hair was arranged!—piles of it, brown and soft. Her Panama hat was of the closest weave, the finest texture. Her little high-heeled pumps, her smart silk stockings—everything about her was individual, exclusively hers.

She had risen. "Come on now—we'll go right past them as if nothing were in the wind."

Monte followed her from the booth. The group still stood before the door. With a girlish snicker Miss Rivers pulled Monte's sleeve, and they hurried away unseen.

"What do you want to tackle?" he asked, as he shouldered thru the crowd ahead of her.

"You know all about the games—you pick one. Anything. Let's try that game of the queer cards. The cards with all kinds of bogies on them."

"Monte."

"Is that what it is? It fascinates me. Oh-ho! I see. You have certain leanings toward this game, and that's why they call——"

"No, you're wrong," he laughed. "My name is short for Montague."

"That's the first time you've disappointed me," she pouted. "Why don't you get a nickname like Bud or Texas or Tennessee, or something? But Mr. Peebles says you're out of character in many ways."

"Mr. Peebles seems to worry about that subject a great deal," Monte remarked, not without heat.

"Now you're going to be collegy. But let's drop it. Here's a monte game. Oh, don't you wish the dealer, or whatever you call him, would cheat, and you'd catch him at it, and draw your gun, and——"

"I do not," laughed Monte. "The dealer, you will notice, is a perfect lady."

They pushed thru the onlookers to a place beside a blanket spread on the ground. A fat squaw of at least three hundred pounds avoirdupois, in bright blue, and smoking a brown-paper cigarette, was dealing the monte cards. Two Indian girls and three men—one a vaquero in Stetson and chaps—were "bucking" the game. The squaw tossed a small square blanket to Monte as he stooped. He spread it on the ground for the girl.

With dancing brown eyes she took her seat, cross-legged, doubling her crisp white skirt under her, rubbing shoulders with a swarthy brave, who chuckled delightedly. She took a dollar from her purse.

"What do I do?" she whispered.

"You put that dollar back and get a nickel," he informed her. "The Indian superintendent has fixed a dollar-and-a-half limit on all the games. Play nickels—you'll last longer. This is sport—not gambling."

She laughed and found a five-cent

piece. Then he explained the play, and how to bet one card against another in appearing first.

She soon grasped the fundamental details, and began playing fast, losing with a pucker of disappointment, winning with gleeful laughter. Monte played, but mostly he watched her—the changing expression in her face as the fickle goddess ruled for or against her. A new color had come in Idona's cheeks, caused by the excitement of the play. Her soft, brown, carefully manicured fingers fascinated him.

They had played some time—neither realized how long, perhaps—both with indifferent success. Then suddenly a voice rang out:

"Idona Rivers! What are you up to?"

And Mrs. Stellings rushed in and grasped her sister's shoulder.

"Gambling," calmly announced Idona, and placed a nickel on a queen against a five-spot. "Go on and peel your potatoes, Grace."

"I shall write home to mother about you, miss! Mr. Dillon, I think——"

"I brought Mr. Dillon here," retorted the girl. "He didn't want to come. I like this, Grace. I think I'll open a gambling parlor some place and be a gambler queen." The corners of the mischievous mouth twitched toward Monte.

"I don't know you since you've come West," complained her sister. "You're no more like you were in Phila——"

"Oh, Philadelphia! Little old Philly! Sleep on, sleep on! Not for mine any more."

"And the odious slang you've contracted!"

"I'm going to buy a cattle ranch and make Monte Dillon head buckaroo; and we're going to——"

"You don't go at her right, Grace," laughed Stellings, who now came forward to the side of the wayward one. "Idona, your sister is trying to say: 'Come get it.'"

The girl struggled to her feet. "'Come get it' is good," she said. "Chow's ready, Mr. Dillon; and you will accompany to lunch the lady from Philadelphia, who can't forget it. I'll go with Broth, who's a good old scouterino."

A gasp of horror and a helpless glance at Monte was Mrs. Stellings' only defense.

CHAPTER V.

THE party ate in one of the restaurant booths, where Peebles had ordered a special dinner for the ten. Idona Rivers showed keen appreciation of the bizarre Indian dishes.

After the meal, while pony races were attracting the attention of the others, Peebles drew Monte aside.

"I managed to rent two booths for us," he told him. "Yours is next to mine. You'd better have your pack-bags brought from the stable."

Monte nodded.

"Are you ready now to tell me your plan?" asked the ethnologist.

"Not just yet. It's not even fully worked out in my own mind."

"I've been sounding the padre," said Peebles. "He knows that at the end of this fiesta a number of the Unals go into the mountains and remain several days. Immediately I launched the topic of the snake dance in Arizona, but he didn't at once take his cue. I think he knows nothing of the ceremonies on Yunque. But later he confirmed our theory about a Hopi having drifted out here.

"Years ago, he said, before his time, there lived a Hopi among the Unals. He was also a medicine man of great repute. He is dead, but his son remains—a young man whom this tribe calls Sha-wy-kut-wut. Do you know the meaning of the name?"

"Yes—'the Whisperer.'"

"That's it. This man cannot, or never does, speak above a whisper. Father Carney told me that many of the tribe take their troubles to him. This number seem to have great faith in his tengalish. I deduce that the Whisperer controls the mountain ceremony, following in the footsteps of his father. What is your opinion of that, Dillon?"

"It seems sound."

"So I thought. The padre showed me this fellow. I'll point him out to you when I see him. He's only half Hopi, I suppose. He looks little different, to me, from any other young man in the tribe. When do you expect to get to work, Dillon?"

"As soon as I have time to look over the ground and formulate some sort of campaign."

"Don't let anything interrupt you, now, will you?"

"Why, I—I—— What d'ye mean?"

There came that unpleasant snorting chuckle of Peebles, which Monte had missed from his speech since their better acquaintance.

"What do I mean? I mean Idona Rivers. Tut, tut, now, Dillon!—don't get angry. Business is business. I can interpret the signs. To retrograde to modern slang, you've certainly made a hit with her."

"I think you're mistaken," Monte smoothly told him. "Miss Rivers thinks she sees in me a type. She likes to play at analyzing me, as do you. For her I epitomize the West—and as she's out here for impressions, she's making the most of me."

"Not at all—not at all, Dillon. Dave Stellings noticed it. He spoke to me about it. Say, do you know every young man in this party, and there are a dozen of them, has been trying to occupy her attention for three months? They're a likable set of youngsters, too, Stellings says. But she is like a cake of ice to all of them. And look how she thawed at sight of you! Be careful, Dillon. Don't get in too far till our work here is accomplished."

"Don't worry," said Monte, but his fingers were trembling.

"If you can win her, my boy," Peebles went on, in a fatherly tone, "I shall be glad. All I know about her, tho, is what Stellings has told me. But if it is money and such things as we had in the Alexandria you crave, you are knocking at the right door. The Rivers family is very aristocratic, back there in Philadelphia. The father is a wealthy manufacturer of automobile accessories. They are in the best society. The girl is having a spree out here, she says. She will be an entirely different creature in Philadelphia, I'll warrant. Success to you—but don't lose your head till we've accomplished something here."

"Don't worry," Monte lightly reassured him. "What chance have I? I have nothing; I'm no——"

"I shouldn't dwell on that, if I were you," the ethnologist interrupted. "Her sister married Stellings when he had nothing but a job. And not the job he has now, either, by any means. You can get a job. The girl appears to me to be naturally too good a mixer to be one who would demand wealth or prominence in a husband. But remember my caution, Dillon."

"I will." And Monte turned away to hide the great thoughtfulness and disinclination for conversation that had suddenly come over him.

He started toward the livery ramada to see to the moving of his property to his booth, when Peebles caught up with him.

"Come back," he said. "I want you to see Sha-wy-kut-wut. He has just gone into the patio."

They hurried back. There were few in the patio now—only the few who preferred gambling to racing. Six or seven were clustered at a game in one corner. Toward them Peebles led the way.

"He crossed the patio," he said, "then I hurried after you. I don't know where he went. Heavens and earth, have we lost him!"

They reached the game, and Peebles scrutinized the dark faces intent on its progress.

"Not here," he decided. "Let's move along before the booths and see if we can find him inside one of them."

They had passed but three entrances when Peebles caught sight of his man thru one of the booths, leaving by a rear door.

"I don't like to go thru," he said, "tho this seems to be a restaurant booth, and, therefore, more or less public. Shall we——"

"Yes, let's go right thru."

Monte led the way. Blankets curtained the booth in half. In the front room was a long oilcloth covered table, set with granite plates and steel knives and forks. They passed beyond the blanket into a kitchen. Thru this and out the back door.

A hundred feet or more from the ramada a man and a woman walked slowly toward the village.

"That's he," confirmed Peebles. "Sorry you didn't get a look at his face."

But Monte was paying little attention to the man. It was the lithe, rounded, gliding figure of the woman that his eyes followed so keenly. She was his maid of the mountain.

"Your Sha-wy-kut-wut is connected with the snake ceremony on Yunque," he told Peebles, confidently.

"Yes? How do you know?"

"I know."

Peebles snorted with impatience. "Well, if you mean to be enigmatical, Dillon," he said, "I——"

"You want results, don't you? Can't you let me gain 'em by my own methods?"

"Yes, I want results, Dillon. Go ahead your own way. Results will be all I'll ask. Heavens and earth, what a contrary cuss you are!"

And with this Peebles turned sharply and went back thru the restaurant.

Monte began walking slowly in the wake of the pair. They crossed the little creek that twinkled thru the reservation and took a beaten path winding thru a grove of sycamores. When they disappeared among the trees Monte quickened his step, and, gaining the shelter of the grove, took up a dog-trot along the path.

He soon reached the end of the trees. Here he paused. He was looking out on a field of beans and a pasture, where bony Indian bronchos grazed. The creek twinkled thru the pasture. Beyond this opening were more sycamores, and at the edge a little hut covered with blue morning glories. On each side of the hut grew corn, high as the eaves.

The Indian man and woman were leaving the pasture. At the tumbledown gate they paused. Monte stepped behind a tree. For a half-minute the pair stood in conversation; then the man laid a hand on the girl's black hair and caressed it gently. Slowly the girl turned and went into the hut. The man retraced his steps toward the fiesta.

Monte sighed, then noticed for the first time that his hands were clinched. He laughed lightly and hurried thru the trees ahead of the Whisperer.

At the main entrance of the ramada he waited for the Indian. He sat down on a box and began rolling a cigarette. Sha-wy-kut-wut crossed the creek, came on up the slope, straight toward him. Monte lowered his Stetson and peeked, gamblerlike, from under the broad brim. The Indian passed him with only a casual glance. Monte studied him.

He was dark—very dark. He seemed between 30 and 35 years old, tho it is hard to judge the age of an Indian. He wore a blue bandana wound turban-like about his straight black hair. His hair was six inches in length, much longer than that of most of the males of the California tribes. It was a deep, solemn, mysterious face, unreadable except for its unmistakable sadness. The man was a Hercules—long-bodied, long-armed, long-legged. He moved with a gliding, athletic stride. He wore a nondescript shirt, overalls that fitted tightly at the hips, a wide red sash with flowing ends, and high-heeled cowboy boots, with silver spurs.

He passed on into the ramada.

Monte, still with his hat pulled low over his eyes, sat and smoked, thinking, thinking. He started as a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and a loud familiar voice challenged him as to "where in th' hell" he had been and "what in th' hell" he was doing there. Next he was gripping hands with Jess Cameron, the man who had helped him with the Lone Fir herd on Yunque Mountain.

"The old man's been lookin' all over the country for you," Jess told him. "He wants to see you bad."

"What's up?"

Jess squatted and carefully rolled a cigarette before making reply. When it was burning to suit him he let it droop from the left corner of his lips, and it bounced up and down as he said:

"McCuistion's gone back to Texas."

"That so? Well, where do I come in?"

"Old man's holdin' the foreman job open till he gets a 'no' from you."

"Lord!" gasped Monte. "But, Jess, he's got a dozen cowmen as good as——"

"He always was stuck on you, Monte," Jess interrupted. "For my part, I agree with you. I don't see anything particularly enticin' about you myself. But he's waited three weeks. And everybody ridin' thru the rancho has been ordered to send you back if they saw you. So there you are, young fellow!"

Monte's eyes grew thoughtful. "How's everything over at the Lone Fir, anyway, Jess?" he asked presently.

"Fine as silk. Gonta ride back with me tomorrow?"

"I can't, Jess—not tomorrow. Who all's over?"

"Just me—no mas."

"You're going back so soon?"

"Gotta, Monte. Been to Escondido for a couple o' new wagons. Thought I'd stop off here today and see the races. I'm leadin' some hoss myself that I thought——"

"You tell the old man that you saw me, and that I'm tied up for the present. But tell him I thank him, and that I'll let him know definitely within three weeks whether or not I can take the job. Will you?"

"Surest thing you know."

"That is, if he cares to wait that long."

"Oh, he'll wait. Don't worry. Say"—Jess leaned closer—"all this ain't what I wanted to tell you. I know where there's a jug not eighty miles from where we're settin'. Come on."

"No," said Monte. "I'm playing a rather peculiar game here at the fiesta, Jess. I'm employed by a man who's paying me well for—well, I've got to keep my head clear, at any rate. Much obliged, just the same."

Jess looked sorrowfully at his old friend, slowly shook his head, and rose.

"Well, so-long, then," he said. "I'll tell the old man." And he clanked away with whirring rowels.

Monte rose and entered the ramada. The foreman job meant ninety dollars a month and board. This was twice as much pay as he had ever drawn. He was scarcely surprised at the offer, for he knew the "old man" liked him. His surprise was that the old foreman had quit; for the Lone Fir jobs were coveted by cowmen all over the Southwest. There was just one thing that kept him from sending a written acceptance by Jess Cameron, promising to take up his duties as soon as he had finished with Peebles. That one thing was Idona Rivers.

He joined the party. Peebles was with them. He spent the afternoon with Idona, watching the games and races.

At 4 o'clock the engineer's party left in their machine for Palinqua, where they were encamped. But Idona Rivers stated that she would return next day—if no one would accompany her, then alone.

Peebles and Monte now set about arranging their camp outfits for the night. There would be little sleep, for an Indian fiesta knows no night or day. Many of the Indians boast of the fact that

$1 AND UP A MONTH
WATCHES DIAMONDS AND HOLIDAY GIFTS
Prices Lower Than Cash Houses
An Old Customer Writes—"I have been trading with you nearly 15 years and know I can depend on what you say. You have made it easy for all to pay for the best at lowest prices."
Sent on Approval!
Let us send you Elgin's Newest Thin Model 17 Jewel Watch. This is the one Watch that has carried modern efficiency to a higher plane than any other Watch of the age. Its accuracy has given a value to seconds they never had before. At our
Sensationally Low Price
and Easy Terms, it has planted the flag of quality and economy upon watchdom's topmost pedestal. It is the one Watch that is mechanically correct. It is timed, adjusted and regulated for you at the great Elgin Factory. We make it possible for you and every one to own this superb Watch or any Watch you wish if you send your name and address now.
9091 — $39.50 Tiffany Fine White — Genuine Diamond Ring, remarkable lustre, 850 value, 14k solid gold mounting. Special price, Holiday Club offer only $39.50
Why Pay Cash?
We trust you and all honest wage earners. You assume no risk whatever. We make quick shipment on 30 days Approval. Comparison will convince you that we smash the terms, lower the price and boost the quality.
Free Catalog More than a half million people have said that our Catalog was the most guide for thrifty buyers. To get a copy of this New Book, before this edition is exhausted you should send us your name at once.
9091X—$49.50 Extra Fine Diamond La Valliere—new model—$60 value. Special Club Price $49.50
HARRIS-GOAR CO.
Dept. 188 KANSAS CITY, MO.
We Do As We Advertise.

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
Total cost only $7.50 by Our 7 MONTHS TIME Purchase Plan
to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at $65.00—to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music. Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainments for one whole month. Return the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE if for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials, record book and other literature. They are free.
S. H. DAVIS, A-1 6101 May St., CHICAGO

15c for 3 Names
To introduce the new foot-beauty powder, Step E-Z, if you will send 10c stamps or coin and the names and addresses of 3 of your friends who are interested in having their feet beautiful and comfortable, we will send you a full-sized, 25c box of Step E-Z, postage paid.
The triangular bellows box makes Step E-Z, E-Z to use.
Makes Feet Smaller If you use Step E-Z regularly, you can wear smaller shoes. If you have a friend or relative in the Army, send him a triangular bellows box of Step E-Z and he will everlastingly thank you. A soldier is only as good as his feet, you know, and Step E-Z will make his feet 100%. Only one box to each person at the 10c price. Write today and send the names.
Becker Bock Co., 8632 S. Sangamon St., Chicago

Driver Agents Wanted
Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money. Shipments are prompt. Bush Cars guaranteed or money back. Write at once for 68-page catalog and full particulars. Address Herbert Bush, Pres. Bush Temple, Dept. 805, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Five-Pass., 34.7 H.P., 122x3½ tires
$14-in Wheelbase
Delco Ignition—Elect. Sig. & Ltg.
BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Ltd FREE PARROTS
Guaranteed to learn to talk. Imported direct from Mexico, Cuba and Panama. We carry a full line of tropical pets, including Canaries, Macaws, Cockatoos, Linnets, Finches, etc. Also Goldfish, Aquariums and Supplies. Illustrated price list and special bulletin FREE.
IOWA BIRD CO., DEPT. 10 DES MOINES, IOWA

RAISE BELGIAN HARES For Us
HUGE PROFITS easily and pleasantly made. We furnish breeders and pay you $6.00 a pair and express charges for all you raise. Contract and book "Fortunes in Hares," 10c. Nothing free.
NATIONAL FOOD & FUR ASSOCIATION
Dept. 3, 857 12th St., MILWAUKEE, WISC

ASTHMA HAY FEVER Treatment sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today.
Address W. E. STERLINE, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

Be a Detective Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 120 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

during an entire fiesta they have not closed their eyes.

At dusk a religious dance began about a big fire of willow boughs. Sweating stamping, grunting, a circle of men, feathered and painted, moved slowly about the fire, while the squaws raised their weird chant, and the leader shook his rattle. Tho his face was painted till the features were unrecognizable, this leader, Monte felt sure from the clothes he wore, was Sha-wy-kut-wut, the Whisperer. He was sure of it when the chanting ceased suddenly, and the dancers paused before the squaws, with bowed heads, and the leader spoke some lines of ritual in a voice scarcely audible.

Peebles was deeply interested in the ceremony, and was plying the padre with questions relative to the significance of it. Monte had seen many such dances. He was assured that the Whisperer would be occupied for some hours. So he wormed himself free from the throng and left by the main entrance of the ramada.

He had searched every face about the fire. He had looked in at the restaurant booth the Whisperer had passed thru that day. Nowhere had he seen his maid of the mountain. He had decided then that she was in the little hut at the edge of the sycamores.

The star-sifted sky was black—there was no moon. He crossed the little creek twinkling diamonds in the starlight. From behind him faintly came the weird chanting of the squaws. He looked, and the smoke ascending in a perpendicular stream from the ramada was tinged with red, lighting up a portion of the surrounding foothills. Black on his left loomed Yunque Mountain. From the distance came the uncanny tremulo of coyotes. The night was filled with that odor—the odor that set him longing for trails and camps and endless stretches, and deep cool woods where cataracts tumbled over the stones. He sighed and entered the sycamores.

He passed thru the first grove, crossed the field of beans, then the pasture, where bronchos snorted at his approach, and reached the tumble-down gate.

A light twinkled from the door of the hut. There came the scent of morning glories, closing for the night. All seemed quiet within the cabin.

Monte opened the creaking gate and slipped along the bean patch.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

Retort Courteous.

A Senator from Kentucky was one day walking down Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington, when a dapper young gentleman approached him and said:

"Ah, Senator, how de do? I called on you this morning. Did you get my card?"

"Yes," said the Senator, "but what did you mean by writing 'E. P.' in the corner?"

"Oh, that's the correct thing, you know," said the young man, "when you leave the card yourself. It means 'en personne,' left in person."

Next day it was the Senator who met the young gentleman, and accosted him with the question:

"Did you get my card? I called on you this morning, or, well—I called by proxy."

"Yes," was the reply, "but what in the world did you mean, Senator, by writing 'S. B. A. N.' in the corner? That's something new, isn't it?"

"Oh, no," said the Senator, "that's the correct thing when you don't leave the card yourself. That means 'Sent by a nigger.'"

* * *

YES! MAGICALLY!
CORNS LIFT OUT
WITH FINGERS

You simply say to the drug store man, "Give me a quarter of an ounce of freezone." This will cost very little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn from one's feet.

A few drops of this new ether compound applied directly upon a tender, aching corn should relieve the soreness instantly, and soon the entire corn, root and all, dries up and can be lifted out with the fingers.

This new way to rid one's feet of corns was introduced by a Cincinnati man, who says that, while freezone is sticky, it dries in a moment, and simply shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin.

Don't let father die of infection or lockjaw from whittling at his corns, but clip this out and make him try it.

Miss Blunt, Detective

Or, Mystery Within Mystery

By Crittenden Marriott

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 30, July 28. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IX.

PAYMENT IS DEMANDED.

MR. HARVEY did not find it half so hard to persuade Coroner Schwartz to open the Hurd grave for examination and autopsy as he had anticipated. Schwartz had imagination, tho few people would have guessed it from his appearance, which was stolid in the extreme. Perhaps he had had no previous chance to show it. Rochpelle having been normally peaceful and totally destitute of mysteries for years past.

When Harvey pointed out the peculiarities of the Hurd case and dilated on its possibilities, the little man caught fire at once and became eager to do all he could to help to clear matters up. When Harvey argued that any publicity in the exhumation would warn the criminals (if there were criminals) and would bring undeserved suspicion on the innocent (if there were no criminals) Schwartz nodded emphatically, and readily agreed to make the investigation with as little publicity as possible at whatever time Harvey would get his witnesses together. He insisted only that, for his protection, he should receive from Doctor Stackpole a letter requesting the exhumation on the ground that grave doubts as to the cause of death existed.

"I'll keep the letter private unless some trouble about the case comes up in the future," he promised. "Then I'll produce it as documentary evidence that I had good reasons for acting as I did."

This was too reasonable to be refused, and Harvey at once acceded, little as he liked taking Doctor Stackpole into his confidence prematurely. He at once wired to Chicago to Doctor Vilas, asking him to come to New York for a consultation, and on receiving his reply fixing a date sent for Doctor Stackpole and asked him to write the letter to the coroner. The Doctor demurred strongly to this, insisting that there were no grounds for suspicions, but finally yielded when Harvey pointed out that if there were no grounds for suspicion it could only be because Doctor Stackpole was satisfied that Hurd was really suffering with hypertrophy of the heart when he was examined.

All this took time, and nearly a week had passed before the day for the exhumation was at hand. Meanwhile other things had been happening.

Johnson, the company's agent in London, had wired that he had found it impossible to learn anything about the De Nemours, except that they had engaged passage on the Milwaukee. He could find no record of their arrival in England from Belgium or from anywhere else, or of their having stopped at any hotel, and he suggested Harvey should delicately pump them as to these details. He added that, having failed to ascertain anything of value by his own efforts, he had started an investigation thru Scotland Yard, from which he had hopes. He warned Mr. Harvey, however, that this investigation, even tho it might yield the information desired, would almost certainly be slow, both because the British policeman was habitually slow and because of the press of matters pertaining to the great war.

Harvey promptly requested Doctor Stackpole to do the necessary pumping as to the stay of the De Nemours in London. The Doctor, whose infatuation had become a consuming flame, demurred, insisting that he would not be justified in obtaining from his patient any information that might prejudice her even on a subject so wholly disconnected from that patient's health. He yielded at last, however, and promised to find out what he could. Just how earnestly he tried to carry out his promise never appeared. He finally reported that the De Nemours, naturally greatly hampered for money by their war experiences, had resided in London for a few days at a terrible (rather cheap) boarding-house, concerning whose address Mrs. Hurd was uncertain.

"I don't wonder," said the Doctor to Harvey. "London streets are crazy and the numbering of the houses is crazy. You can't expect refugees flying from such terrible experience as Mrs. Hurd has undergone to remember very definitely just where she stayed en route in a strange city for a few days. She and her father sailed for New York on the first available steamer."

Harvey perforce accepted this statement. He wondered, however, how much information as to the company's proceedings Stackpole had involuntarily betrayed while extracting it.

"Love! Love! Love!" he muttered, to himself. "What troubles you do cause!"

Soon, however, he had other things to think about. The De Nemours carried the war into Africa by making application for the payment of the insurance policy. They did this formally, thru the law firm of Franklin & Hebron, a firm which for years had had charge of the Hurd family's affairs. Harvey, of course, acknowledged the receipt of the application, and explained that the formalities would take some little time. The lawyers waited for two days. Then Mr. Franklin, senior member of the firm, called.

"When will you be ready to pay the Hurd policy, Mr. Harvey?" he inquired. "My client wants to get it over with as soon as possible. She wants to get away from this hot city and go for a rest in the North Woods, and she wants things settled before she goes. We've filed every paper that your rules call for, and she can't understand why you hold off."

Harvey nodded. His task was to gain time, and he found it difficult. "Yes," he acknowledged. "All the papers are perfectly regular, and the case is going thru. If it was for a couple of thousand dollars it would have been settled already. But you understand, of course, that we can't rush a case involving as much money as this one. We've got to investigate every detail and satisfy ourselves that everything is in order."

"In order! What do you mean? Is anything out of order?"

Harvey wriggled mentally. "Well," he said, "you must admit that the case has some peculiar features. We can't understand, for instance, how Mr. Hurd could be in splendid health when he was examined by our physician and yet die a few days later from a disease whose symptoms must have been plain for weeks and even months before."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "That's your affair," he retorted. "We don't admit that Hurd had an advanced case of anything—certainly not of anything whose symptoms were patent. We suppose that he came to his death thru some sudden lesion—or whatever the doctors call it—in some unsuspected organ. But we contend that this isn't our business. Mr. Hurd paid the premium in cash, he died, we've filed the necessary papers; and now we want the money."

"Well! You'll probably get it soon," replied Harvey.

"We'd better. If we don't, people will begin to talk. The Fidelity hasn't any too good a name now for prompt payment of its losses. It wouldn't be well for it to fight another case so soon after its recent so-called victories."

Outwardly Harvey smiled. Inwardly he was furious, but he did not intend to let the fact be seen. "Oh, well," he said pacifically, "we'll hurry our investigation and come to a decision as quickly as we can. Here! I'll send for the girl who has charge of the case. I believe I turned it over to Miss Blunt." He pressed a button and asked whether Willie was in the office. Finding, perhaps somewhat to his dismay, that she had just arrived, he asked for her to be sent in.

When Willie came in Franklin looked at her sharply, smiling rather grimly when Harvey introduced her as "Miss Blunt of our claims department." "Yes!" he said. "I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Blunt before. Have you given up your detective office, Miss Blunt?"

Willie shook her head. "Only temporarily, Mr. Franklin—really not even that. Have you a case you want me to investigate?"

Franklin laughed shortly. "Yes!" he said. "I'd like you to discover why the Fidelity Company is hanging fire in the payment of the Hurd policy."

Instantly Willie was on her guard. "The Hurd case?" she echoed. "Oh, yes! You sent me some papers about the Hurd case today, didn't you, Mr. Harvey? I haven't had time to give much attention to them yet. But—" she turned to Franklin—"I'll be very glad to undertake to investigate the delay for you, Mr. Franklin. Will you pay me a retainer now?"

Franklin shook his head. "On second thought, no!" he said. "I'm afraid it wouldn't do for you to serve both Harvey and me."

"Just as you say, Mr. Franklin. If you really want to know, I'm going to look into the Hurd case very soon. That's what you want me to do, isn't it, Mr. Harvey?"

"That's exactly what I want," answered Harvey, promptly. "Mr. Franklin is anxious to have the case pushed. Please lose no time in really getting to work on it."

Willie nodded. "I won't," she promised.

Franklin snorted. "Oh, come off!" he exclaimed. "You can't fool me that way. I know the ways of you people too blamed well. You're moving heaven and earth to dodge paying that policy. But you won't succeed, and you might as well come to taw first as last. Frankly, you haven't got a leg to stand on, not a leg. I've stood by Hurd for years, and I'm going to stand by his wife. I went down to Rochpelle yesterday at her request and took a safe expert with us. He opened Hurd's private safe in the wall, and in it we found the policy, his will, and some other papers. Everything is straight as a string. Of course, I understand that you are hipped at having to pay such a sum after receiving so small a payment. But, after all, that's part of the game. You know it!"

Harvey nodded. "Oh, of course," he said, "And I haven't said we were going to refuse to pay. But we're certainly going to investigate before we do pay."

"Oh, all right!" Franklin got up. "We'll give you time if you insist. But you'd better not insist on too much time. . . . Good day. Good day, Miss Blunt."

Willie smiled. "Just a minute, Mr. Franklin," she said. "You spoke just now about Mr. Hurd's will. I suppose you drew it?"

Franklin nodded. "A clerk in our office did," he said. "I was out of town at the time, and Mr. Hebron sent our Mr. Norland down. You can't find anything wrong there, Miss Blunt. Mr. Norland is an expert in will-drawing."

"Of course. He wouldn't be with you if he wasn't an expert of some sort, Mr. Franklin. I don't think I know Mr. Norland. He hasn't been with you long, has he?"

"Almost three months!"

"So long!" Willie's tones were noncommittal. "I must make his acquaintance. How was Mr. Hurd's health when he saw him? I suppose not very well, else he would have come to your office instead of sending for you?"

Mr. Franklin's eyebrows twitched, as if he realized that he had been trapped into a possibly damaging admission.

"Your perspicacity is wonderful, Miss Blunt," he said. "I didn't ask Norland about Hurd's health. As you may perhaps know, it is not rare for men, even if in the best of health, to prefer to make their wills at their homes. Is there anything else that I can tell you?"

"Nothing, unless you care to tell me about the will."

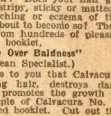
"I've no objection, but I've no time. He left nearly everything to his wife. If you want to know the details you will have to look them up at the probate office. I filed the will there this morning." With a sarcastic smile Franklin departed.

The moment the door closed behind him Harvey jumped up and grabbed Willie's hand. "Bully for you!" he cried. "You did what Franklin's guessed that you'd got him somehow, but he didn't guess just how. If Norland has been with Franklin & Hebron for only three months he probably doesn't know Hurd and—your guess was right, Willie. Nobody that really knew Hurd saw him after he got back—except Doctor Maybury, and he's blind. That is"—an after-

GROW YOUR HAIR

Successful Scientific Treatment

FOR OLD OR YOUNG—BOTH SEXES



Do you suffer from loss of hair? Does your hair get prematurely gray? Is your hair stringy, sticky or matted? Do you suffer from dandruff, itching or eczema of the scalp? Are you bald-headed or about to become so? Then write at once for testimonials from hundreds of pleased customers and our illustrated booklet,

"The Triumph of Science Over Baldness"

(By an Eminent European Specialist.)

SAMPLE OFFER Let us prove to you that Calvacura stops falling hair, destroys dandruff, eczema of the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair, by sending you a sample of Calvacura No. 1, together with the above mentioned booklet. Cut out the coupon below and send today.

Union Laboratory, 28 9th St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please find enclosed 10 cents to help pay the distribution expenses. Kindly send me at once your Calvacura No. 1 and your booklet, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness."

(Enclose this coupon in your letter.)

thought came to Harvey—"nobody unless that gardener—Craven is his name, isn't it?—really did know him before he went to England. Did you find him when you went down this morning?"

Willie shook her head. "No!" she said. "He's gone—disappeared. No one knows where or when he went."

"Gone?" Harvey's face fell. "But your Celestial guardian," he suggested, cheerfully. "Surely he——"

"My Celestial guardian fell down on the job," confessed Willie, disgustedly. "He let Craven get away."

CHAPTER X.

A FRESH TRAIL.

THE streets on the way to Rochpelle cemetery were showing the effects of the advancing season in the dustiness of their bark and the dullness of their leaves, but inside the cemetery early summer still reigned, fresh and unfagged. When, at 6 o'clock, the little party filed in thru the gate, just as the closing bell was ringing, and the sun was dropping behind the low-hanging western clouds, all of its members drew breaths of relief, despite the grewsomeness of the errand which had brought them, and despite the weight it imposed on the spirits of at least some of them.

Willie, tho resolute, was not enamored of the duty that lay before her; and Linda, who had come practically under compulsion and not because she wished to (as Willie had suggested to Mr. Harvey,) was almost ill with suspense. Harvey and Doctor Stackpole were uneasy, troubled as to what the work of the day might disclose. Only the coroner and Doctor Vilas (who had arrived that morning from the big city by the lake) were at ease; to them the proceedings were all in the day's work.

Mr. Warman, superintendent of the cemetery, who, forewarned, was waiting with two workmen, locked the gate of the cemetery against intrusion, and led the way to the Hurd lot.

The grave lay green and fresh in the rays of the descending sun. The turf, tho newly placed, had taken root and was pointing skyward as aspiringly as if it had been unmoved for years. As Linda saw it she caught Willie's arm. "Oh!" she gasped. "It looks so peaceful. Is it really necessary to disturb it? Can't Harry be let rest even in his grave? I—I can't stand it."

But Willie shook her head. "Be brave, dear!" she pleaded. "You needn't watch, if you feel that it's too much for you, but you must stay near. I may need you to identify Mr. Hurd. You know him better than any one else does. Be brave."

Meanwhile the workmen had been busy, tossing out the soft earth, which had not yet had time to grow hard and compact. The others stood idly waiting, chatting together in tones that in spite of themselves grew more and more hushed as the shadows lengthened and work steadily neared completion. To some, at least, of those present, the waiting grew almost unbearable.

At last the hollow thud for which all were waiting—the thud that told that the boards above the casket had been reached—sounded on the air. A moment later the older of the two diggers, a man clearly habituated to his occupation by years of labor, stopped work and stood up in the pit. "I'd like to speak to you, Mr. Warman," he called. The other man, younger and roughly bearded, continued to throw out the clods unheedingly.

At the call the superintendent went forward, while the rest stared curiously after him. None could hear the low-voiced words of the digger, but all saw the start of the superintendent and his quickly followed gesture of incredulity. And all heard his words of protest. "Nonsense!" he rasped. "Nonsense! Go on with your work!"

The digger shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he said, somewhat louder than before. "Just as you say, sir. But——" Again he bent to his task.

A moment later the excavating was finished and the lifting ropes placed and the casket came swinging gently to the surface. Even the least observant of the party noticed that it came up very easily, but Stackpole was the only one who spoke. "It seems extraordinarily light," he observed frowningly.

The superintendent squirmed uneasily at the words. "The old man insists that there is something wrong," he shrilled excitedly. "He says the boards have been tampered with since he placed them a week ago. Of course it's nonsense, but——" His voice trailed away.

No one spoke; but a curious thrill went around, and all took a step nearer to the pit.

The younger man bent to unscrew the lid of the casket. Something—perhaps the suspense that hung in the air—seemed to affect even his so far stolid nerves, for he fumbled with the screwdriver and dropped one or two of the screws into the grass.

At last, however, the lid was lifted, and all, even Linda, pressed forward to look. Then all started back. Harvey swore; Willie gasped; Linda dropped down on the grass and hid her face; the others cried out, each according to his nature.

The casket was empty!

The coroner was the first to find his tongue. Furiously he turned on the superintendent. "What the h— does this mean?" he raged. "What do you mean by allowing bodies to be stolen under your very eyes? Things have come to a pretty pass when this sort of thing can go on."

White and shaking, the superintendent stuttered, trying both to deny what could not be denied and to defend what could not be defended.

But Schwartz ignored him and spun round on Harvey. "You were right, Mr. Harvey," he cried. "There is something crooked about this Hurd case. Somebody's got something to conceal about it." Back he turned to the superintendent. "Confess!" he roared. "Confess! You d—d scoundrel! Who paid you to steal this body? Was it Mrs. ——"

Harvey grabbed the arm of the enraged man and hushed the words on his lips. "No names, Schwartz," he cautioned. "No names, please."

Schwartz hesitated. "This scoundrel," he began.

But the superintendent had plucked up some little spirit. "You've got no right to speak to me that way, Doctor Schwartz," he quavered. "I don't know any more about this than you do. I can't watch the cemetery day and night. Nothing of the sort has happened in Rochpelle before, and I had no reason to expect it or to keep particular watch. I don't know anything about it. I don't! I don't!" he ended with a gasp.

"You do know, and you've got to tell." Schwartz shook his finger in the man's face, and a torrent of accusations rushed from his lips. For minutes he continued to roar, trying to force a confession before the stricken man could pull himself together.

But his efforts were useless. The superintendent stuck to his denials—and restricted himself to them. Even when Schwartz demanded to be told when it would be possible for thieves to plunder the grave without his knowledge, he merely shook his head hopelessly.

At last the coroner gave up. "Ah-h-h-h!" he rasped, disgustedly. "You're no good! But one thing's certain. The scoundrels have overreached themselves. They've proved that there's fraud in the case. And they can't collect any insurance money till they produce the body. I'm right, ain't I, Mr. Harvey?"

Harvey nodded, but he did so doubtfully. He knew that, tho the disappearance of Hurd's body might strengthen his case, it did not substantiate it. Hurd was dead. The theft of his body might and would arouse suspicion against those who profited by his death, but it did not prove that they were guilty of fraud. On the other hand, it did deprive the company of its chance to make sure that it was not Hurd who was examined for insurance. Therefore, tho Harvey nodded, he did not speak.

But Doctor Stackpole did. The Doctor had been growing more and more excited and the coroner's last words made him boil over. "I resign!" he shrilled. "I resign! Note that, Mr. Harvey. I resign! I'm no longer connected with the company. I'm tired of this hounding a defenseless woman. I won't stand for any more unjust suspicions being thrown on her. You've been going ahead for a week with a mass of surmise and insinuation, and you haven't got anywhere. You've got to stop it. Maybe I did blunder. Maybe I did overlook Hurd's heart trouble when I examined him. As for accusing that wonderful woman of instituting grave robbery—oh! It's horrible! It's incredible! It's outrageous that men can fall so low. I'd sooner believe that you instigated it yourself."

"What-a-t!" Harvey had listened amazedly. Knowing the Doctor's infatuation he was able to understand and allow for it. But its conclusion made him gasp. "Why! You infernal——" he began.

But Stackpole came back at him before he could finish. "Yes! That's it," he chortled. "That's it! I see it all now. Oh! It's a fine gallery play. You staged it wonderfully. You found you couldn't win your case and save your job fairly, and so you tried to cheat her out of her dues by this diabolical method. You think she'll be suspected of this devilish crime. But it won't avail you. It won't work. You've got something to gain by the robbery, too. You think Mrs. Hurd won't be able to prove now that all was fair and square about her husband. But you're wrong. She will be able to prove it. I'll go on the stand and swear that I made a mistake and overlooked Hurd's heart trouble. And where will you stand then?"

Harvey gasped. Only too well he knew where he would stand if the Doctor carried out his threat. He knew that such testimony would utterly ruin his defense against what he was now certain was a barefaced swindle. It would ruin the Doctor's professional standing, too; for it would involve a confession of incompetency and carelessness that would ruin any physician. But he knew that in his present state of mind the Doctor cared nothing for consequences. He was in love, and there was no telling what a man in love might do.

"Oh! Come now, Doctor," he protested. "You don't mean that. You're just excited. You can't afford to admit that you were as blind as all that. Why! Just the other day you told me——"

"Yes. I told you lots of things. You practically forced me; just as you forced me to write that letter to Doctor Schwartz. Oh! You've trapped me well."

"Trapped you? Nonsense. I——"

But here Willie stepped forward. Except for Harvey, she alone of all those present knew what lay at the bottom of the Doctor's amazing outburst—knew that he was carried away by a mad infatuation for a woman he had known for only a few days. But she saw that his accusations, wild as they were, were having an effect on the others, and she thought it best to break their force.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Harvey," she interposed, as coolly as she could. "I want to say something, please!" She turned to Stackpole. "Doctor," she said, "I think you don't understand. We haven't accused Mrs. Hurd of anything. We haven't a shred of evidence against her. Everything that we have learned so far has been in her favor. She is a most charming woman, and you are perfectly right in standing up for her. Any man would. Why! All the ship-news reporters who interviewed her when she landed fell in love with her. And they saw her for a few moments only. I don't wonder that a man who has been thrown with her constantly under pitiful circumstances, as you have been, should follow their example. We're all a good deal excited. Let's not talk any more now. Later, if you insist on resigning, Mr. Harvey will, of course, release you. But I'm sure he doesn't want to! Come! Let's forget all this and go home now." Cooaxingly she laid her hand on Stackpole's arm.

Stackpole nodded sullenly. He had begun to foresee the consequences to himself if he should carry out his threat. "All right," he said. "I'll wait. But—" again his voice ran up the scale—"but if you attempt any further persecution of that innocent——"

"Now! Now, Doctor!"

"Oh! All right! . . . Good night." Abruptly the Doctor turned on his heel and marched away.

The others stared at him frowningly. To say that their feelings were mixed would be to describe them mildly. Schwartz especially seemed bewildered. "Of course, if the man's in love——" he began. Then he stopped hesitantly.

"Oh! He's in love, all right," broke in Harvey, disgustedly. "He's got the worst case I ever saw. He's been absolutely out of his head ever since he met the woman. He gets worse daily. He——"

But here again Willie broke in. "Now, Mr. Harvey," she protested. "Don't you get excited now either. Doctor Stackpole has quieted down. We can decide later what to do."

Nobody seemed quite satisfied with Willie's advice, but nobody seemed to have any better to offer. Probably all felt that too much explosive material was lying close at hand; and none knew what words might set off the bomb. None knew, in fact, just what stand they wanted to take in the matter. Therefore, they all meekly obeyed Willie's suggestion. Even Schwartz, after glaring once more at the superintendent and after warning him (at

GRAY HAIR BANISHED

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Kolor-Bak Products Co., 68 West Washington St., Dept. 30, Chicago, for free book and positive proof. ***

$2.25 a Month Buys A GENUINE KIMBALL ORGAN At Factory Prices

FREE Music Instruction by our New Diagram System if you write at once.

We will send them, to reliable people anywhere, on our extremely easy payment plan.

Operating the largest piano and organ factory in the world—the Kimball system positively saves you $25 to $50 on strictly first-class organs.

Send for Money-Saving Plan and Free Catalog

Under no circumstances can you afford to buy or consider any other organ until you have our money-saving proposition. Our half-century's manufacturing experience, our financially strong guarantee mean much to you.

W. W. KIMBALL CO., 505C Kimball Hall, Chicago

Please send me FREE your 1917 Organ Catalog, factory distributing prices and the Nation's Home Songs with words and music FREE.

NAME.....

CITY..... STATE.....

ST. OR R. F. D.....

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

RUN your Ford or COAL OIL

CUT YOUR FUEL BILL; more than half, and get same speed and power. Put a

VAPORATOR ON your Ford

So simple anyone can install in an hour. No smoke, no carbon. Lasts a lifetime. Uses regular carburetor. Send for literature. Exclusive territory open to live agents. Write quick.

Vaporator Mfg. Co.,
2757 Washington Ave., St. Louis Mo.

THE SEASON'S HIT

A Whirlwind in the Breeze Business. A seller that's a self-starter. Die cut, heart shaped fans with American flag in brilliant made in America colors. Sell as fast as you can handle 'em at 5c or two for 5c. $10.00 per 1000; $1.25 per 100, f. o. b., or two samples for a dime. Even boys and girls are reaping a harvest selling house to house. Advertising novelty also. Peerless Press, 800 Warren, Pa.

TOBACCO HABIT Conquer it happily in 3 days. Improve your health, prolong life, avoid stomach trouble, nervousness, foul breath, heart disease. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew, or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars. Get interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed Free. E. J. WOODS, 1496 R, Station E, New York, N. Y.

PATENTS How to Obtain a Patent. Write for list of Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free upon request. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. 697 Ninth WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge. RICHARD B. OWEN, 22 OWEN BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sugar 5c a Lb.

One of our leaders. We save you money on Groceries—catalogue free with trial order. The requests for catalogues are enormous and hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually by mail order concerns in sending out catalogues to people where no benefit is ever derived. To avoid all this unnecessary expense and be in position to sell our goods at the lowest possible price, we have decided on the following plan: We will only send our Bargain Grocery Catalogue to such people who can prove to us that they are really interested in saving money on groceries. We quote herewith a few of the bargains listed and which are sold in different parts of our catalogue.

FLOUR—$10.36 per Barrel

(One of Our Leaders)

Our Best Flour	$10.36	per barrel
" " "	5.18	per half barrel
" " "	2.59	per 49-lb. sack
" " "	1.30	per 24½-lb. sack

SUGAR—$5.00 per 100 lbs.

(One of Our Leaders)

Our Best Granulated Sugar	$5.00	per 100 lbs.
" " "	2.50	per 50 lbs.
" " "	1.25	per 25 lbs.
" " "	.50	per 10 lbs.

Here Is Our Plan

Send us $1.99 for the following Trial Order and we will then know that you mean business and we will include with your order our Bargain Grocery Catalogue in which you will find big grocery bargains.

TRIAL ORDER AX

	(Estimated) Our Retail Price	Price
5 lbs. Our Best Granulated Sugar		25c
1 large size pkg. Quaker Oats	10c	7c
1 lb. Guaranteed Baking Powder	50c	39c
¼-lb. Black Pepper (Ground)	25c	15c
¼-lb. Cinnamon (Ground)	25c	15c
¼-lb. Ginger (Ground)	25c	15c
¼-lb Mustard (Ground)	25c	15c
2 bars American Family Soap	15c	9c
2 pkgs. Uneeda Biscuits	16c	8c
1 bar Fels Naphtha Soap	5c	3c
1 lb. Breakfast Cocoa	60c	39c
3 pkgs. Washing Powder	15c	9c
1 Catalogue Free		
Retail Price $3.23	Our Price $1.99	
You Save $1.23		

Other Big Bargains in Our Catalogue

Uneeda Biscuits, 12 pkgs. 40c
Quaker Oats, 6 large pkgs. 36c
AND OTHER BIG BARGAINS

Remember we send no catalogue unless we receive your trial order for the above. We sell the above order complete only and no part of same. Nor do we sell any article mentioned in this list separately. Rush your trial order at once, and get our catalogue and commence saving big money on all your purchases.

COLE-CONRAD CO

OUR GUARANTEE Your money returned in full if you are not more than pleased.

Cole-Conrad Co.
Dept. AX - Chicago, Illinois

Tear Off Here and Mail With Your Remittance

ORDER BLANK

Cole-Conrad Co., Dept. AX, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find $1.99 for which send me Bargain Grocery Order No. A X and include free your catalogue showing your Big Grocery Bargains, it being understood and agreed if I am not perfectly satisfied that I can return the goods and you will at once return my money.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Express Office.....

Willie's suggestion), on pain of horrible penalties, to say nothing about the affair and to let his men say nothing, departed with the rest.

As they neared the gate, Willie fell behind with Linda, and let the three men pass on ahead to the automobile that was waiting at the curb. To the casual observer she might have seemed solely to be playing comforter, but in reality she was preparing to execute swiftly formed plans. "Things have changed, Linda," she said insistently. "I didn't need you for what I expected. But I do need you now. Did you notice the younger of the two diggers? Would you know him again?"

Linda nodded. "Oh, yes!" she said. "I'd know him. But——"

"Leave us at the gate. Say that you want to walk home. Hurry away. Then come back. Keep watch and when that digger comes out follow him. Find out where he goes. I've an idea he may lead you—somewhere. I'd watch him myself if I could, but I've more important work to do elsewhere. You'll watch and follow him?"

"Yes!"

"Good! Here we are at the gate. If things go as I expect you'll find me somewhere along your route. Watch for my car; you know the chauffeur. When you find it jump in as quick as you can. If you don't find me, go home and wait for me when you've traced your man to his hole." Willie finished hastily, then she raised her voice, so that it would carry to the three men who were waiting at the auto. "You're sure you'd rather walk, Miss Maybury?" she questioned. "We can take you home as well as not."

Linda shook her head. "I'd rather walk," she insisted. "Really, I would. Thank you very much, but I'd rather walk." With a nervous little nod she hastened away.

Willie Blunt got into the automobile rather reluctantly. She did not want to get in at all, and she did so only because she was sure that Schwartz meant to report the affair to the police and because she wanted to dissuade him. She believed that she would have a better chance of success while sitting in the car than while standing on the curb.

As soon as the auto started she opened the attack. "Doctor," she began, "are you really going to report this affair to the police?"

Schwartz jumped as if he had been shot. "Report it?" he gasped. "Sure I'm going to report it. I must report it."

"Are you quite sure it's wise?" queried Willie, doubtfully.

"Of course it's wise. You—you surprise me, Miss Blunt. Of course it's wise. What in the—that is, what would you have me do? A crime has been committed—a most diabolical crime. Of course I must report it. I have no choice—even if I had any doubt, which I have not."

Willie nodded slowly. "I suppose you must, after all," she agreed. "You know what's proper under the circumstances, of course. But I wish—you don't have to report it at once, do you? Not right away—instantly? You can wait for one hour or perhaps two hours, can't you?"

"I could. But why——"

"Because," Willie spoke earnestly; "because something may happen in the next two hours to change things. I'm not going to ride very far with you. In fact, I want to get off at the trolley crossing at the next corner. (Stop when you get there, please, Mr. Harvey.) I have chanced on the beginning of a trail that may lead to something important, and I am going to follow it. I've got to follow it quick or I'll lose it forever. And what you will want to report to the police will probably depend a good deal on what I may discover in the next two hours or less. Can't you wait till I come to your office? Then we will go to see the chief of police together, at his house preferably. That will give us time for thought, too. What we learned today may be very serious for many, many people; and we don't want to act impulsively and then be sorry. You will wait for me, won't you?"

Schwartz nodded slowly, just as Harvey slowed the car down and stopped it at the corner. "Yes, I'll do it—for you, Miss Blunt," he said. "Maybe I ain't got the right to do it, but I will. You'll sure come in two hours?"

"If I'm alive and free," smiled Willie. "Good-by till then. Good-by, Doctor Vilas—Mr. Harvey, I'll be at your office some time to-night. I may be pretty late, but I'll be there. Will you wait for me?"

CHAPTER XI.

WATCH AND WAIT.

WILLIE BLUNT did not ride very far on the trolley car for which she had forsaken Harvey's automobile. Within less than half a mile she got off at a corner beside which a limousine was waiting. Into this she bobbed the moment the trolley car was out of sight, giving instructions to the chauffeur as she did so.

Promptly the limousine moved off, and after several convolutions and at least one stop—at Won Lung's laundry—it brought up near a couple of houses opposite and not very far distant from the entrance to the Hurd place. But Willie did not get out of it. No one got out of it. It simply halted. The chauffeur neither tooted his horn nor went to the doors of either of the near-by houses to announce his presence. On the contrary, he settled himself in his seat as if for a long and sleepy wait. One watching him from close at hand, however, might have noticed that from beneath the visor of his cap he kept a sharp lookout toward the Hurd entrance.

Half an hour passed and saw matters unchanged, except that the car had moved a little closer to the Hurd gates. Dusk was falling, and it was necessary to move closer to make sure that no one should enter the grounds by that route without being seen. The last advance placed the car very close to the broad entrance and in a position from which the front of the Hurd house itself could be fairly well seen thru the trees on the lawn.

At last something happened. A man, apparently young and athletic, with a short rough beard that masked his features, came swinging along the street. At sight of him the chauffeur tapped gently on the window of the limousine and received in reply a cautious tap that told that those inside were alert and watching.

The man reached the Hurd gate, turned in at it, and hurried up the walk. The moment he was screened by the bushes the door of the car opened and a Chinaman stepped to the pavement. Reaching back, he pulled out a basket piled with freshly laundered clothes, shouldered it, and paddled off without a word. To and thru the Hurd gate he passed and waddled up the walk.

Scarcely had he, like the man who preceded him, disappeared behind the bushes, when Linda Maybury came hurrying along the street. She spied the automobile, spoke hastily to the chauffeur, and then popped in and closed the door behind her. Unmovedly the chauffeur sat on his box and waited.

Meanwhile, the man whose coming had set in motion the machinery of the impending drama had passed on up the walk to the house. He reached the front door and entered it just as the Chinaman passed thru the mask of bushes onto the open lawn from which a view of the door was possible.

The Celestial, however, paid no apparent attention to the man whose footsteps he was following. Without the slightest pause he rounded the corner of the house and trotted up to the kitchen door.

The servants in the house had obviously increased since the day of the arrival of the De Nemours, for three were in the kitchen when the Chinaman entered. All of them, however, appeared to know him and to take his arrival as a matter of course. A man servant, apparently a combination of gardener and chauffeur, who had presumably taken the place of the departed Craven and who was sitting by the door smoking a short pipe, raised his head lazily and glanced at the newcomer, then dropped it and resumed his former posture. A housemaid, who was languidly polishing silver, also glanced up, muttered something about "the Chinks," and leaned back in her chair, after sniffing hungrily at the dinner that was sizzling and steaming on the range. The Swedish cook, Freda, did not even look around from her work to see who had entered.

The Chinaman was evidently accustomed to this reception. He nodded propitiatingly to each of the servants, but seemed not at all troubled by their failure to respond. Then, without asking or waiting for permission, he went on to the inner part of the house. Clearly the basket of clothes in the kitchen had been prohibited by Mrs. Hurd.

Moving silently in his Celestial footgear, he ascended the stairs, showing no signs of excitement nor even of interest in his surroundings, unless a slight quivering of his ears, as if he were straining them to the utmost, might be postulated as such. At the top of the stairs he hesitated for an instant, then padded on to an open door from which came the sound of suppressed voices. Close by the threshold he halted and stood listening.

A voice floated out of the room. At sound of it the Chinaman nodded to himself. "The gardener," he muttered, with obvious satisfaction.

Undoubtedly it was the missing gardener, he who had named himself as John Craven to Doctor Stackpole. "Yes," he was saying, with a distinctly English accent, "yes, you can tyke it from me as 'ow they was excited. Bli'me but it knocked 'em all of a heap."

A woman's voice, clearly Mrs. Hurd's, made quick answer. "What did Doctor Stackpole say?" she demanded.

Stridently the gardener laughed. "He stood up for you. Oh, I sye, but he did stand up for you! S' help me, you've got him for fair, so you 'ave. He wanted to give up his job if they wouldn't stop persecuting you."

Mrs. Hurd did not laugh. "Ah! but it is the pity," she breathed. "Why is it that I ruin all whom I touch? Did he resign, of a truth?"

"Naw, he didn't resign, but I fancy as 'ow he will. There was a girl there as managed to patch things up for a bit. I dunno who she is. The Doctor he accused another man—Mr. 'Arvey of the insurance company, I fancy it was—of 'avin' 'ad the grave robbed just to make trouble for you. My word! I nearly done a bust. They 'ad it 'ot an' 'eavy for a minute, an' then that young woman she came in and quieted things. She said as 'ow——"

The gardener broke off; then he leaped toward the door. As he did so the Chinaman entered with his basket of clothes. "Washee," he said, smiling blandly.

Craven halted in his tracks and stood glaring. Then his face cleared. "Oh! It's the bloomin' Chink," he exclaimed, with evident relief. "Blast their bloody heyes. I carn't tell them apart. I sye! Whatever do you mean by comin' in without a-knocking at the door?"

The Celestial did not relax his set smile. "Allee light, John," he said. "Me bring washee."

Before Craven could speak further Mrs. Hurd interposed. "It's all right, Craven," she said. "I left word downstairs that they should send Won Lung up whenever he should come. I wish that I felt as safe with the others as I do with him. I think it is that you would better go now, before anybody that knows you shall see you. I will say to mon pere what you have say."

As the ex-gardener went out, Mrs. Hurd turned to the Chinaman. "Lay the clothes out here, Won Lung," she said. "You have brought them the more quicker than I had hope."

The Chinaman grinned. "Yes!" he said. "You say me bring dam quick and me bring! You like?"

"But yes! I like very much."

The Chinaman said little more. Quickly, neatly, and intelligently he laid out the clothes, glancing the while with admiring smiles at his mistress.

Mrs. Hurd sat in a big armchair looking on; now giving orders as to the disposition of the linen, and now asking seemingly idle questions, which seemed to have no definite aim—whether the Chinaman liked his work, how long he had been in the United States, whether he could cook, what wages he got, and the like.

The Chinaman answered with a freedom that might have seemed unusual to one conversant with the habitual Chinese caution. Like all the rest of the trousers-wearing fraternity he seemed anxious to please Corinne de Nemours Hurd. His acquaintance with English, however, appeared to be slight and to prevent any particular volubility on his part. Mrs. Hurd was of course not surprised by the paucity of his vocabulary. Willie Blunt might have given her some startling information in regard to this, but nothing was more certain than that Willie would never tell Mrs. Hurd of her amazement when she visited the house masquerading as a charwoman and found that some Chinamen spoke excellent English. At any rate, Mrs. Hurd finally gave up her efforts to acquire information—if she was really making them—and sent the man away with orders to come back the next Monday for more soiled clothes.

The Chinaman left the house carrying his empty basket. He passed thru the entrance gate into the street and walked away without even a glance toward the automobile, which, after waiting for a moment, quietly followed him. At a convenient corner, veiled in umbrageous trees, it overtook him and slowed down for just long enough to let him jump inside, then sped away.

Half an hour later, after a stop at the laundry, the car abruptly changed its direction and ran back to the cemetery—not to the gate, however, but to a ramshackle cabin, little more than a toolhouse, that stood close beside the cemetery wall. Here, in the darkening night, Linda got out, followed by Willie, and began to poke about in the bushes that almost ringed the cabin.

At last she stopped and pointed. "This is the place," she said.

Willie dropped on her knees and peered into the mouth of the opening that Linda had indicated. Then she got up. "I think you've hit it," she said. "Come! We've got to hurry. I must see the chief of police before it is too late."

Ten minutes later Linda got out at her own door and turned for a last word with her companion. "I'll be ready," she promised.

Willie nodded. "I'll depend on you," she said. "This information of yours is very important—more important by far than my 'Celestial' information, which, as you know, didn't amount to very much, after all. I'll see the chief of police about it at once, and call you up later. You're sure you can begin tomorrow and watch every night without fail?"

"Yes!"

"Good. We'll investigate and fix details at once. Then it'll be a question of waiting till something happens."

"And if nothing happens?"

"If nothing happens we'll watch some more. Mr. Burns once told me that detective work was generally dull, very dull; and you may find it so. But it's watching and waiting that wins. I'll write you or 'phone you as to particulars as soon as I can arrange them." Willie signaled to the chauffeur and the car sped away.

Ten minutes later she picked up Doctor Schwartz and very shortly afterward they were both talking with the chief of the Rochpelle police at his home.

It was a veritable thunderbolt that they exploded beneath the peaceful lamp of that functionary. He, as well as all Rochpelle, had always believed—or would have believed if he had thought about the matter at all—that the cemetery was fully protected against intruders by the ten-foot stone wall that ran completely around it, with no apparent break except at the gate by the lodge and chapel. As a matter of fact, it had never occurred, either to the chief or to Rochpelle, that the cemetery was in the slightest danger from any one. That systematic robbery could be in progress

Like A Boy at 50 Bubbling Over With Vitality—Taking Iron Did It

Doctor says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders---Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact, a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or rundown, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by anemic blood in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, the food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time simply by taking iron in the proper forms. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron.—E. Sauer, M. D.

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. E. Sauer, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and one whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 451, Blairsville, Pa.

within its walls was simply incredible to the people of the town—so incredible that if it had not been for Doctor Schwartz's personal corroboration Willie would probably have found it impossible to convince the chief that any such crime as she described had been perpetrated. Doctor Schwartz's testimony, however, was incontrovertible, and the chief bowed to it after a lengthy seance in which his comments imparted to the air a decided tinge of blue.

When finally convinced he was convinced too much—from Willie's point of view. He wanted to order out his men and to arrest instantly every one who could by any chance be suspected of complicity in the robbery and to subject them to a third-degree examination. To this Willie demurred. It was this state of mind she had foreseen and to prevent which she had persuaded Doctor Schwartz to delay giving information.

She had a reason for demurring; in fact, she had two reasons, one general and the other particular. In the first place, she wanted, if possible, to save those who owned lots in the cemetery the anxiety that would inevitably come to them with the knowledge that grave-robbery had been going on. No assertions that it was the Hurd grave alone that had been violated would save these people from the torturing fear that the resting-places of their dear ones might have suffered the same fate. In the second place, she was by no means certain that the robbery was an isolated one.

It seemed to her unlikely that a man like De Nemours (supposing that he had instigated the crime), a foreigner, who had come to the United States only a week or ten days before, could have carried out such a difficult enterprise without help. It seemed to her far more likely that he must have done it, if at all, by taking advantage of some machinery which was already in working order and of the existence of which he had somehow become aware. The gardener, it seemed to her, might be the connecting link. And she believed that by going slow, she might be able to learn far more than by rushing things. She knew, however, that she would have difficulty in getting the chief to agree with her.

Nor was she wrong. Scarcely would the chief let her state her ideas. "What!" he roared. "Been going on for months! Nonsense! Nonsense! And if it's right, it's all the more reason for pinching them all quick. Some of 'em will break down and confess. Some of 'em will! You leave that to me."

"And suppose no one confesses?" insisted Willie.

"There ain't any s'posing about it. I'll make 'em confess or I'll murder them."

"But suppose—just suppose—the superintendent and the workmen really had no share in this business, and can't confess because they haven't anything to confess, what then? You can't give Mrs. Hurd or even M. de Nemours the third degree. And the newspapers will have found out all about it and will be denouncing you for not finding it out before. The whole town will be crazy mad—with you—for letting the graves of their lost friends be rifled. No, no, chief! This isn't a case for brass-band methods. It's a case for gum-shoe work. It's a case that must not become known at all if it's in any way possible to keep it secret. If you arrest any one now, you may or may not convict him, but you certainly will torture hundreds of people who have laid their nearest and dearest at rest in that cemetery. You don't want to do that, I know."

Some of the chief's truculence filtered away as Willie spoke. "Well! What do you want to do?" he demanded sullenly. "Let the d—d scoundrels get away?"

"Perhaps." Willie accepted the alternative squarely. "Perhaps! I believe it would be almost better to let them get away scot free than to arouse the dreadful horror that their arrest would provoke. Besides, whom can you arrest now, after all? The superintendent, who is probably innocent, and two or three underlings; that's all. You haven't a shred of evidence against either of the De Nemours. And the minute you arrest the underlings, the men higher up will clear out. No! No! If you've got to arrest somebody, at least wait till you can catch some of the men higher up."

"Mrs. Hurd, you mean? How you goin' to bring things home to her or her father?"

Willie drew a long breath. The chief had begun to debate, and she saw victory in sight. "I don't mean Mrs. Hurd," she said. "I believe she and her father are behind this thing, but I'm not certain of it. Hurd's body may have been taken by chance by men who have been plundering the cemetery in the interest of the dissecting-rooms."

"Bosh!" The chief snorted harshly.

"Maybe so; maybe not. Consider a minute. If I'm wrong, if this is an isolated case connected solely with the Hurd insurance, you can always get the people you suspect. Claimants for half a million dollars aren't going to run away at the first alarm. If they were they'd be gone already. On the other hand, if I'm right and if this is the work of an organized gang——"

The chief grunted. "Well, s'pose it is?" he rasped. "They'll scatter far and wide now."

"I doubt it. Of course they'll know that we have found trace of their work. But it may not seriously alarm them. Nobody that has heard what Doctor Schwartz and Doctor Stackpole said this afternoon will imagine for a minute that anybody except the Hurds is suspected——"

"Hum!" Doctor Schwartz broke in. Probably he did not enjoy Willie's implied criticism of himself. "Seems to me that Doctor Stackpole made some accusations against Mr. Harvey," he suggested gruffly.

Willie laughed. "One for you, Doctor," she exclaimed. "Please, sir, I didn't mean to criticise you for saying what you did. I'm mighty glad you said it. It was the obvious thing to think and to say. Of course Doctor Stackpole's accusations were sheer nonsense. But what I'm getting at is this: The rogues will believe that we believe that the De Nemours instigated the crime, and will never dream that we believe that it was merely one of a series. Therefore they won't feel obliged to stop. They may stop and they may not. Personally I don't believe they will. They must have quite an organization at work, and they'll find it hard to transfer it to a new place. More than likely they won't do it unless we really frighten them. What we've got to do is to give them a chance to resume. Wait a few days, or even a few weeks, if necessary. Meanwhile keep watch on the cemetery. Fix things so that if they try it again you can gobble them red-handed."

The chief leaned forward. He was beginning to get interested. "How?" he asked. "How'll you know? How can you watch without their knowing it? The cemetery is a mile around, and they might get in anywhere."

Willie preened herself a little. She was enjoying her coming triumph. "There aren't many places that will serve them. And, besides, I think I know how they do get in."

"What!"

"Yes! That is, I feel reasonably certain. Oh! I didn't find the place myself. Linda Maybury told me."

Both Schwartz and the chief were on needles' points now. "What is it?" they clamored.

"It's back of the old parsonage where the Mayburys lived for so many years! The house isn't very far from the cemetery. When Linda and Harry Hurd were children they used to play at an old tool-shed outside the walls. One day they found a culvert that led under the wall. It had once been barred, but the iron rods had rusted away. Linda and Harry used to go in and out thru it. The cemetery end was hidden by shrubs and the outer end by bushes. I was saying to Linda how difficult and dangerous it would be to take a body over the wall, and she told me about this culvert and suggested that they might have used it. We went at once to look at it. It's still there, open, and apparently passable. Moreover, there are signs that it has been used recently. Of course it may have been used by somebody else, but——"

"S'nuf!" The chief banged the table with his fist. "S'nuf! We'll try it! I'll put a man there to watch and——"

"You don't need to send a man! Linda Maybury will watch. She wants to watch. She wants to do anything that will bring to justice the people that killed Harry Hurd. She'll watch. I'll rig up a telephone to the tool-shed, and when she sees them she'll notify you, and then——"

"I'll be ready!" The chief was enthusiastic now.

"I knew you would be when you knew all the facts. Some men are stubborn, but I was sure you wouldn't be. Now"—Willie looked at her watch—"I'll go into town and get some sleep. I'll be back tomorrow and we'll consider details. Good night."

Willie caught the next train to the city, but she did not go directly to her room. First she kept her promise to Harvey by going to the Fidelity office.

"It's as I suspected," she said, when she found him. "I called in my Celestial assistant and proved it. You remember the missing gardener at the Hurd place? Well, he was the younger grave digger at the cemetery today. Oh, yes, he was! He has grown a beard, but I was sure of him from the first. He went straight from the cemetery to the Hurd house and saw Mrs. Hurd. M. de Nemours seems not to have been at home. As nearly as I can learn, his conversation with Mrs. Hurd, tho suspicious, was not conclusive. We might arrest him on the strength of it, but I think we'd better wait. The truth is, I don't believe the robbery of the Hurd grave is an isolated one."

"Eh?"

"No, I don't! Such a thing requires too much machinery to have been improvised on the spot. It seems to me a lot more probable that an organized gang, to which the ex-gardener belonged, has been at work for some time, robbing graves, probably for hospitals. Probably De Nemours found that this man was involved and got him and his gang to do the job. Of course our discovery will frighten them off for a few days, but probably not for long. They will count on our thinking that it was a private job and that we won't be looking for it to recur. And they'll go back to their horrible work. And when they do——"

"When they do we'll catch them," broke in Harvey, enthusiastically.

"We will. The Rochpelle chief of police has agreed to work with us. I've begun to lay my wires, and tomorrow I'll complete them. Then it will be a case of watch and wait."

This fascinating story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00 and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Couldn't Reciprocate.

"Hum, ho!" sighed the New Hampshire farmer, as he came in from downtown, "Deacon Jones wants me to be a pallbearer again to his wife's funeral."

"Wall, you're goin' to be, ain't ye?" asked the farmer's better half.

"I dunno. Y'know, when Deacon Jones' fust wife died he asked me to be a pallbearer, an' I did; and then his second wife died, an' I was the same again. An' then he married that Perkins gal, and she died, and I was pallbearer to that funeral. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em."

It's Yours FREE

THIS SUIT made to your own individual measure, from the finest cloth and high grade linings. It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our clothes.

No Extra Charges of any kind—All the latest fancy styles, extreme peg tops, fancy golf bottoms, fancy sleeve cuffs, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons—Everything Free!

Earn $40 to $60 a Week in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

Don't Wait! Don't Delay! Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything. Washington Tailoring Co. Dept. 105, Chicago

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c. and $1.00 at druggists.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 25 cents, two packages, 45 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Spectacles ON TRIAL Free

Don't Send Me One Cent

I will send you a pair of my "Perfect Vision" Glasses FREE, so you can judge them for yourself

Summer time is the most trying of all seasons on the eyes. The sun glares, the air is full of dust and grit, the heat hurts and burns, and you strain your eye nerves. You must therefore get glasses to protect your eyes.

I am putting on the market, for a short time only, a LARGE-EYED, 10-Karat, Gold-Filled spectacle, fitted with "Perfect Vision Lenses," which will protect your eyes from all eye strain, eye pain and eye trouble.

I Will Send You This Pair FREE

To protect your eyes from the sun, dust and grit. I want to prove to you that these spectacles will do for you just what I say they will. I want you to put them on as soon as you get them and see how soothing they are to the eyes. Take your sewing and see how easily you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle, and read even the finest print. They will protect your eyes from the sun, dust and grit when plowing in the field; or go out in the shed and sharpen your saw. They will enable you to see every cut just as plain as when you were young. In fact, they will make your eyes young again.

They'll Enable You To Thread The Smallest-Eyed Needle

Or Protect Your Eyes When Plowing In The Fields

Mrs. O. E. Flinn, Cheboygan, Mich., writes:

"My glasses are simply fine. I can sew and read all day, or by lamp light without being tired. I will speak about them to all I can for the good of suffering humanity."

I want you also to be helped and made happy. I am therefore going to send you also a pair of my "Perfect Vision" Spectacles FREE, to try in your own home for fully 10 days.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the below coupon at once; let Uncle Sam deliver to you, at your own door, a pair of my Gold-filled "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome Plush-lined imitation silver-tipped Pocket-book Spectacle Case, absolutely free, for you to try. I will even pay the postage on them, and you are to judge them for yourself without a cent of cost. Can anything be fairer? Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

Or to See Off at a Distance

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 33 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-filled "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, plush-lined, imitation-silver-tipped, pocket-book spectacle case, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.50 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this coupon, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

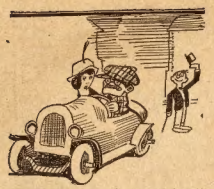
Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

CHICAGO LEDGER

"BEN BOLT"---The Kid That You Were Yourself.



Mabel—"And he sends me such beautiful blooms, pansy, Roses, violets, lilies."

Papa—"That's why he hasn't a blooming dollar. Cut him."

Matter of Punctuation.

A bachelor had been persuaded by the Ladies' Aid of a church to speak at an entertainment provided they would furnish him with subject matter. In a spirit of mischief he had been given as a subject, "Woman, Without Her, Man Would Be a Savage."

On the night of the entertainment he arose and said, "My subject, which I consider a very fine one, is nevertheless not of my choosing, but has been furnished me by the ladies, and is, 'Woman, Without Her Man, Would Be a Savage.'"

Impossible to Sleep.

Drummer (just arrived)—"Is this a wide-awake town?"

Hotel Clerk—"You bet it is. Wait till you hear the cats tonight."

Changed Their Route.

Woodward avenue is the main street of Detroit.

Two brothers who had failed in the clothing business there got jobs with the street railway company, one as a motorman, the other as conductor. They were set to work running a car on a "plug line" on the outskirts of the city, a line solely to retain the company's franchise on a half-mile of right of way.

The first day the new crew brought in 40 cents in nickels and fifteen transfers, this being a normal day's receipts. But on the second day they produced $21 in money and seventy-eight transfers. The third day it was $37 and 180 transfers. The climax came on the fourth day, when the receipts were $53.40 and 274 transfers.

The cashier threw up his hands. "What have you fellows been doing?" he demanded.

"We never made any money on your line before."

"Well," said the conductor, "we weren't doing any business on that street, were you put us, so we've just been making a few trips down Woodward avenue."

Early to Worship.

A certain Constantinople Moslem was always the first in the mosque.

"How is it you are so early?" his friend asked him one day. "However early I come, you are always here."

"I have two wives," answered the pious man; "I get away as soon as I possibly can."

Must Have a String to It.

She—"Charlie always has such an easy time spinning his car."

He—"Yes; you see, it's a one man top."—Judge.

THE LADY I LOVE.

The lady I love uses powder not any;
On lobster she never would thrive;
For wine for her lips I need spend not a penny;
For riches she never would strive.

The lady I love is not waiting for flowers
She's never passe—she's alive;
I never have seen her at primping for hours;
She hints not of dowry nor dive.

The lady I love ponders naught of her graces;
Nor plans when at church to arrive;
She never plays angry nor poses nor laces
Nor talks you to death—she's just five!

Mother—"Why are you crying, Billie?"

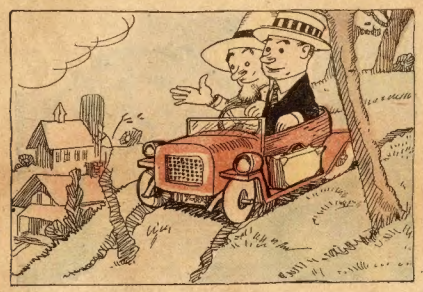
Billie—"Boo-oo! Skinny Bates licked me, an' father licked me 'cause I let Skinny Bates lick me, and Skinny Bates licked me 'cause I told father, and now father'll lick me 'cause Skinny Bates licked me again. Boo-oo!"

A Practical Girl.

They were walking out, on a perfectly cloudless night, in the light of the big round moon, which seemed unusually bright and beautiful. He was of a decidedly sentimental temperament; she was more matter-of-fact. Suddenly he clasped his hands and cried out rapturously:

"Oh, Maude, look at the moon tonight! Isn't it beautiful—beautiful?"

"Isn't it, Henry?" she replied with equal enthusiasm. "It looks just like a big fried egg—doesn't it, dear?"



Vacationer—"Is there any good society here?"

Native—"Society! Why, my house is full all the time of automobilists that have run into one another and been knocked senseless!"

Missed the Fun of It.

Ethel—"What are you so angry about tonight?"

Maud—"I've received a note from Jack saying that he's engaged to Clara Beachy."

Ethel—"Well, I should think that would relieve your mind rather than make you angry. You are engaged to Tom Shore and intended to throw Jack over."

Maud—"Yes, dear, but do you think I wanted to lose the fun of throwing him over?"

On a Hot Day.

"What are you hollerin' at the ice man for?"

"Want to make him mad," replied the youngster with defiant red hair. "I want to make him mad so's he'll throw something at me."

"So's he will throw something?"

"Yes. He hasn't anything to throw but a chunk of ice, an' that's what I'm after."

Don't you remember
How we captured
And, tied to the stake,
Old chief "Big-het-not-afraid."

"Injuns," Ben Bolt;
he beautiful maid"
we proceeded to bake

Trying to Please.

He had opened up a fish shop, and he ordered a new sign painted, "of which he was very proud. It read, "Fresh Fish Sold Here."

"What did you put the word 'fresh' in for?" said his first customer. "You wouldn't sell them if they weren't fresh, would you?"

He painted out the word, leaving just, "Fish Sold Here."

"Why do you say 'here'?" asked his second customer. "You're not selling them anywhere else, are you?"

So he rubbed out the word "here."

"Why use 'Sold'?" asked the next customer. "You're not giving them away, are you?"

So he rubbed out everything but the word "Fish," remarking:

"Well, nobody can find fault with that sign now, anyway."

A moment later another customer came in.

"I don't see the use of that sign, 'Fish, up there," said he, "when you can smell them a mile away."

A Guess.

Boss—"Why does Helen always say 'Mother, mine,' when asking after any favors from her mother?"

Tess—"I guess it's because her mamma explodes on the least provocation."—Judge.

Described.

"Pa, what is luck?"

"Luck is what the anti-preparedness people think we should depend on to keep us out of trouble."

Their First.

Little Muffington was a father for the first time, and nothing existed in his world save wife and baby. It was the other morning that, just as he had opened his desk somewhere in the city, the telephone bell rang.

"You're wanted, sir!" shouted the office boy. "A lady——"

Rushing to the 'phone, he grabbed the receiver.

"Yes, dear, what is it?"

"Oh, Cuthbert, dear, come at once! Baby is——"

He waited to hear no more. Flinging down the receiver, he seized his hat and rushed into the street. Within half a minute he was being whirled in a taxi to the suburb where all his hopes were centered. His face was lined with anxiety as he burst into the house and ran upstairs three steps at a time.

"Here I am, darling?"

"Oh, you're late, Cuthbert. Baby had a little ice in his mouth, and he looked so pretty, I wanted you to see him."

THE WAR GARDEN.

My garden's comprehensive plan
Embraces all plants good to eat,
It is to be American,
Where all good vegetables may meet.
Each growing in its own best way
With perfect justice having sway.

There is no room for grass or weeds,
No creeping pests therein may lurk,
But there's sufficient for the needs
Of all the vegetables that work.
No racial prejudices, b'gosh—
I even grow the summer squash!

Each plant is free to lead its life,
As it sees fit, but must not try
To rule its neighbors, or make strife—
Such malcontents must surely die.
The life in this fair garden spent
Will suffer no misgovernment.

Husband—"Well, what did you do at your Browning Club this afternoon?"

Wife—"Why, dearie, I learned to brown potatoes in a new way and saw the prettiest crocheted tablecloth."

Easy to Make Mistake.

Old Gentleman (excitedly to policeman)—"That motor car knocked me down."

Policeman (taking out his notebook)—"Indeed! What's its number?"

Old Gentleman—"Sixty-six."

Second Policeman (who had seen the accident)—"No, no. It's ninety-nine. You see, he was standing on his head when he saw the number."

A Family Trait.

At the annual prize day of a certain school the head boy rose to give his recitation.

"'Friends, Romans, countrymen,'" he vociferated. "'Lend me your ears.'"

"There," commented the mother of a defeated pupil, sneeringly, "that's Mrs. Bigg's boy! He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow something."

Their First Parting.

The Bridegroom—"Would you mind if I went into a smoking compartment, dear?"

The Bride—"What! To smoke?"

The Bridegroom—"Oh, dear, no! I want to experience the agony of being away from you, so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."

Quite the Contrary.

Lady Reformer—"Don't you know, you unfortunate man, that liquor is a destroyer?"

Jimmy Bill—"Dere's one t'ing it don't destroy, lady—me thirst fer it."

The Advance of Science.

A young man carrying a small leather-covered box saw in one of the cross streets of upper New York a window placard bearing the name John J. Diogenes. He touched the bell button and presented to the flunky who opened the door his card:

"DIONYSIOS DUXENBERRI SMITH."

The flunky bowed low and said: "Sas paraskaloknocete."

Presently the portieres at the rear of the hall parted and a man entered.

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. J. J. Diogenes, descendant of the Athenian philosopher?" the caller asked:

Mr. Diogenes bowed assent:

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "I am taking orders for an electric lantern, guaranteed to be of from 100 to 115 candle power. It will burn for about forty hours without recharging the battery, and it can be recharged for the small sum of——"

"My dear man," broke in Mr. Diogenes as greenish blue flashes glimmered thru the openings of the portieres, "we no longer use any sort of lantern in looking for an honest man. I am just now X-raying a candidate for a job as bank cashier."

Stretching for It.

The doctor's wife had advertised for a girl to do housework, and was showing an applicant over the house. She had been very liberal in her promises of privileges and it looked as tho the two were going to come to an agreement, when the girl suddenly asked:

"Do you do your own stretchin'?"

"Do we do our own what?" asked the puzzled mistress.

"Stretchin'," repeated the girl. "Do you put all the food on the table and stretch for it, or do I have to shuffle it around?"

Rounder—"My wife always makes me say 'truly rural' when I come home so she can note my condition, but I've practiced it so I can say it in my sleep."

Gaysport—"Same here. But last night my wife switched to 'veterinary surgery' and I haven't been able to say it till now."

Doomed From the Start.

"I'm sorry for him."

"Why?"

"He's one of those young men who married and would going to war."

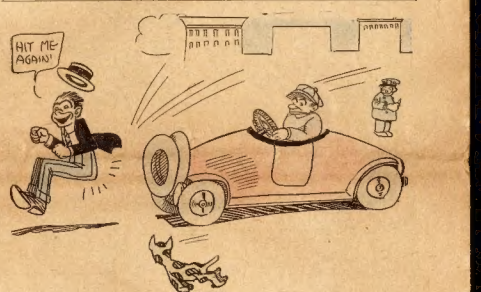
"Well, that marriage may turn out all right."

"It may. But can you imagine being married to a woman who knows you're afraid to fight? A fine chance he'll have in any argument that starts."

Memory Lessons.

"Do you believe in memory lessons?"

"Yes. Bilgins forgot to register and he is getting one of the best lessons he ever had in his life."



Why not carry your reserve tires in front?

A Good Provider.

"How do you like married life?"

"Fine! Jus' fine!" replied the bride. "And is your husband a good provider?"

"He suttingly am, ma'am," declared the bride. "He suttinly am. Dis week he got me fo' new places to wash at."

Right One to Switch.

Irate Parent—"I warned you boys and now I'm going to switch you for making such a racket."

Bobby—"Well, switch Johnny, we're playing train and he's the locomotive."

KILTS.

Those kilts for men
Will surely please—
They free again
Our lovely knees;
And help, ye ken,
We' weeked fleas!

Sponged.

"Mrs. Flubdub wants to borrow some sugar, some eggs, and some flour. Evidently going to make some sponge cake."

"Sponge cake is right. But why does she sponge entirely on us?"

After the Battle.

Police Magistrate (incredulously)—"You mean to tell me, madam, that this prisoner—this physical wreck—gave you a black eye?"

Lady—"Yes, your honor, but he wasn't a physical wreck until he gave me the black eye."

SUMMER SELECTION.

For donkeys now I do not care,
Nor elephants nor moose;
I'd rather be a polar bear
Amid the ice turned loose.

An Affair of the Heart.

Customer—"Waiter, this bullock's heart is very badly cooked."

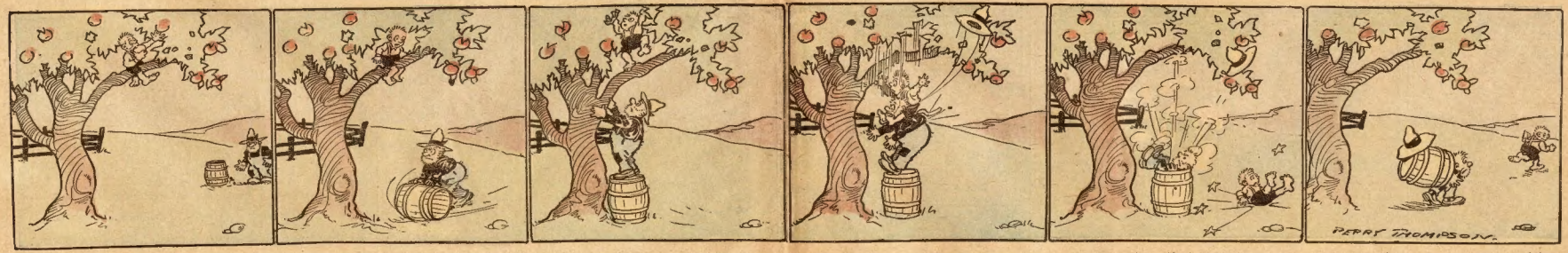
Waiter—"Well, sir, the fact is, the cook's been crossed in love, and whenever he has anything to do with a heart it so upsets him that he doesn't know what he's doin' of!"

A Liberal One.

"Why didn't you answer when she asked you if you had dyed your hair black?"

"Because it wasn't a fair question."

A HEAVY APPLE CROP



Hi Sourneck—"There's one o' them pesky kids in my apple tree agin, begosh!

"Har! Har! I'll git ye now, ye durn little thief! Watch ole Sourneck.

"Hah! There ain't no use o' yer tryin' to git erway! Yer a goner, sure as shootin'!"

The Kid—"Help! I'm fallin'! Oh, mamma, I'm straddlin' old Sourneck! Hully gee!"

(Kerflump! Blinkety blam! Flying stars and profanity! Whoopla! Whang-doodle-dam!)

Sourneck—"Come back here, ye imp of perdition, an' pull this barrel loose! Rats, rata, an' more rats!"

A Judge's Mistake

Or, The Wrong Trail

By Annie Brownlee Quimby

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 29, July 21. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

CALM yourself, dear," the Judge advised his agitated wife. "If Marion loves young Orton, we can't help it. It's not wise to meddle too much in such affairs. For my part, I think she might do much worse than marry him."

"Why, John, are you crazy? Our only daughter to marry a penniless man, and her father's secretary at that!" the mother cried. "You know I have always hoped for great things for Marion. Who knows but that when we can take her abroad she might make a brilliant match?"

"Not quite penniless, Amelia. He has that thousand shares of mining stock, which he could turn into ten thousand dollars any day he chose. If I'm not mistaken, they will bring much more than that in another year. Why, Amelia, when you and I were married I was only a poor attorney, with less than half the income Orton has today. He is earning enough today to keep a wife—well, not exactly in luxury, but in comfort."

"But she might do so much better. Her beauty and pleasing personality ought to win her an envious place in society," the mother persisted.

"Society! I know what you are driving at, but no daughter of mine will ever be sacrificed to social position. Marion will marry the man she chooses for his own sake, and not for title, social position, or money. If Orton is the man she has set her heart on, why, let her marry him. Position and wealth won't make Marion happy; she is not that sort of a girl."

"But his past and his people—we know nothing about them!" Mrs. Gray attacked from another point.

"And care less," the Judge replied. "I believe he was brought up on a ranch in the hills. It's an honorable vocation."

"Ah! He came from the hills," Mrs. Gray observed dryly. "I should like to see my daughter allied to a gentleman who had been reared as such—not a sheep herder."

"Why, Amelia, whatever has come over you? I was not aware that you had grown so fastidious. If I remember rightly, my boyhood was spent among the mighty redwoods of Humboldt. My father earned our bread by working in the redwood forests. And if memory has not played me false, I believe yours did the same? I have always thought of my father as an honorable gentleman, tho he occupied a humble position."

"Yes, I know, but times have changed since then. We have a right to make the most of ourselves, and to secure a brilliant future for our child if possible. Because we began at the bottom of the ladder is no reason why Marion should do the same," was the stubborn reply.

The Judge looked at his wife in surprise. That such a frail body should contain so much resistance amazed him. Marion's future had always been a bone of contention between them, but Mrs. Gray had never been quite so determined before.

"Shades of Caesar!" the Judge cried. "Would you have discarded me for the sole reason that my father was a lumberjack?"

"No, certainly not!" was the quick reply. "But Mr. Orton is not you, and things have changed vastly in the last quarter of a century. We must keep up with the times, or get stuck in a rut," and Mrs. Gray tried to look very displeased, very severe, but she did not succeed very well.

"Times have changed, I'll admit, and in some ways not for the better. But hearts are still the same. You married the son of a lumberjack; Marion will marry the son of a sheep herder—if she loves him well enough."

"Fortunately he doesn't care for her," the mother replied.

"Don't be so sure of that! I have a feeling that his indifference is assumed. He may be too modest, or too conscientious, to press his suit. But if they really care for each other things will come about in a natural way. I must ask you not to interfere, Amelia," the Judge remarked in a rather severe voice. "Marion is our only child. She will be rich one day, independently of whom she marries. What more does she need?" And the Judge kissed the flushed face of his pale, ambitious little wife.

"If she marries Mr. Orton she will marry a man who can give her no social position, a man whose name will reflect no glory upon her or upon us." The dejection of her voice testified how deep the iron had entered.

"As the daughter of Judge Gray her social position is assured. I suppose you would like to hear your daughter referred to as 'Lady What's-her-name.' I will fill the coffers of no foreign lord for the sake of winning an empty title for my little girl. That of 'Mrs.' is the most honorable one I could wish for her, and is the one likely to bring her the most joy."

The Judge hastily left the room. He was very pearly, if not quite, angry.

Mrs. Gray drew out a dainty piece of muslin and lace, and began mopping her eyes with it.

"If my poor child's life is ruined, it won't be my fault. I would save her if I could!" she wailed tearfully. "But her father is so peculiar, he won't listen to reason." And Mrs. Gray sighed heartbrokenly for a few minutes, then put the bit of dainty lace away.

Meanwhile, Wesley, all unconscious of the spirited discussion in his behalf, had been for a ride on Satan.

Satan had improved wonderfully since Wesley had first formed his acquaintance. He was now quite a gentlemanly horse, and his manners were above reproach. Every fine morning Wesley had ridden him until the animal had become perfectly docile, and would whinny a welcome when he heard the young man's footstep. Then the black, glossy nose would caress Wesley's arm for the never-failing lump of sugar and a gentle word or two.

The Judge was delighted with the change in Satan, and was planning to enter him in the races.

One morning Wesley was later than usual in returning. He had not thought of going so far, but the air was exhilarating; the sunshine was soft and golden, and the birds were warbling their sweetest summer notes. On, on, they went, heedless of the flight of time, past cozy little homes in the country, where cocks crowed defiance to their rivals across the way, and the hens sang their egg songs.

A whip-poor-will was in danger of bursting his vocal cords, endeavoring to explain to his sweetheart just why he loved her, and how ardent his affections were. A redwing swayed on a hazel bush, singing a tuneful "O-ka-lee! O-ka-lee!"

Wesley was an ardent lover of nature. Such a morning sent the blood tingling thru his veins like wildfire. The beauties of nature never appealed to him in vain. As Satan trotted lazily along past green fields and cozy little homes, his rider found himself humming, "I Love You, California."

By the time he had returned breakfast was over, and he would be at least a half-hour late at the desk. It had never happened before, and he was annoyed to find himself late this morning, for the Judge was punctuality itself. To gain time, he entered the house by the kitchen door, intending to ask Betty, the cook, for a cup of coffee and a roll.

The cook was a rosy-cheeked Irish girl, and Wesley was one of her particular favorites.

"Good morning, Betty!" he cried, standing in the doorway, hat in hand. "I'm a laggard this morning, you see, and came to beg a cup of coffee and a roll, if you would be so kind."

"Good mornin' to ye!" cried Betty, her blue eyes dancing over with good nature. "Sartin sure, there is a cup of coffee and a roll for ye."

Wesley entered the kitchen, then paused suddenly. At one end of the spotless kitchen table sat a familiar figure, slowly balancing a spoon across his forefinger, and watching him intently. For a moment Wesley's knees felt quivery, but he recovered instantly, realizing all that was at stake should he make a false move now. Slowly he replaced his hat, for his hair was now several shades nearer its original color than when he had seen this man before.

"Good morning." He nodded pleasantly to the man at the table. "If I am not mistaken I believe I have met you before?" He seemed to be trying to recall something. "Ah! I remember now. It was at San Quentin, was it not?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes, I believe I met you at San Quentin a few weeks ago. Yet you have changed somehow. I had to look twice before I recognized you." The other smiled peculiarly, and the queer eyes seemed to bore him thru.

Wesley's heart beat fast, and a little tremor ran up his spine, but he smiled unconcernedly.

"I have just returned from a ten-mile run on Satan, and I own I feel rather strange and grimy. Thanks, Betty, I'm sorry to have been such a bother." He smiled winningly at her.

"Indade an' it's no bother, sir. I was just giving Mr. McCarthy here a drap o' coffee. He drops in to chat sometimes and drink a cup o' coffee," Betty explained. With sleeves rolled above her elbows, and her fat, good-natured face wreathed in smiles, Betty was a typical daughter of Erin's Isle.

Wesley glanced at the two and smiled knowingly.

"Yes," McCarty said, rising to go. "I drop in occasionally to get a cup of Betty's coffee, but more often to see Betty herself." He gave a sly wink in the direction of the Irish girl.

Wesley hid a smile in his coffee cup. "None o' your blarney, now, Mr. McCarty," the Irish girl cried, her face growing rosier than ever. "Get just like the rest o' men; fill yer stomach and yer tongue will wag to ony tune. Git along with ye!" She made a swipe at him with the floury rolling pin as he passed her in leaving.

Wesley joined in the Irish girl's laugh.

"Your friend seems a jolly sort, Betty. Does he live around here?"

"Jolly! I should say he is that, and such a tease and flatterer. He wants me to marry him, and I will, when he has a house nicely furnished and paid for, and a trifle laid by for a rainy day. Then I'll be Mrs. McCarty, and not before."

"That's a good idea, Betty. Stick to it. If a man can't do that before he is married, he'll find it mighty hard to do it afterward. But he looks like a chap who would make good. What does he do?" Wesley asked casually.

"Them is jest my ideas, sir. Oh, yes, Jim will make good all right. But he is jest a little too free with his money to save much unless he's got to."

"I suppose he gets pretty good pay?" Wesley was determined to learn the man's occupation if possible, and Betty seemed disinclined to gratify him.

"Well, yes, I believe he gets pretty good pay. He is a detective, you know. But he don't tell everybody what he does." She dropped her voice a trifle.

Wesley's worst fears were confirmed. The man suspected him; of that he felt certain. But if he did suspect, might he not be able to throw him off the track? That was a question the future alone could decide.

He was seized with a wild desire to flee while he was yet free. But saner thoughts told him that would be the surest way to confess his guilt. He must remain and meet the man whenever chance seemed to throw him in his way. It would be the only way to batter down his suspicions.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE day dragged by on leaden wings.

Wesley could not compose himself to work. Both McCarty and San Quentin kept rising before him, and again the pale, listless, half-reproachful face of Marion would cross his mental vision. His head ached and his soul was sick. Resting his fevered head upon his hand, he thought of his cruel position, and of Marion whom he loved, but who was as far removed from him as the stars.

The Judge returned home earlier than usual that afternoon, and soon perceived that Wesley was not in his usual spirits. The keen gray eyes noted the pale cheeks and the dark circles beneath the young man's eyes.

"What is it, Orton?" he asked, in his

Many More in Illinois Are Willing to Testify

MRS. L. W. MILLER.

Mrs. S. J. Brown, of 2nd and Ford Sts., Geneva, Ill., says: "I had taken care of a person ill with consumption, and had contracted a cough and was in a badly run-down condition. I had a doctor but the treatment seemed to be too slow, or to do little good. Then I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it eased my cough and I began to build up. After using the third bottle I had my usual strength back and have had no cough since. I give the credit of my recovery to the 'Discovery.'"

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the herbal remedy, which has had such a fine reputation for the past 40 years, is indorsed by many well-known residents of Illinois. Every day more and more people are coming to realize that this is a standard medicine, and is safe to take. It contains no alcohol or narcotics. The ingredients are printed on the package. It is to be had at every drug store in the land in either liquid or tablet form.

Mrs. L. W. Miller, residing at 308 Pecan St., Carbondale, Ill., says: "I consider Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a great boon to womankind for weakness, also for inflammation for which I have been greatly benefited."

Mrs. A. E. Green, 833 S. Sixth St., Quincy, Ill., says: "Some years ago I moved to Colorado and the climate did not agree with me. I got all run-down, could not eat nor sleep. I became very thin and weak; my blood was also in a very bad condition. I sent to the druggist for some medicine and he sent me Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it soon restored me to health and strength. I cannot say enough in praise of this medicine."

—Advertisement.

1917 Fall Suit Free

A WONDERFUL amazing OFFER

If you are a live wide-awake man we want you to get one of our elegant Fall suits, made to YOUR measure, absolutely FREE. All we ask you to do is to wear it, show it to your friends and take a few orders for our high grade, Made-to-Measure Clothes.

$25 EXTRA A WEEK AND YOUR OWN CLOTHES FREE

Does it look good to you for a little spare time? Write at once or simply send us your name on a postal and we will send you at once FULL DETAILS OF OUR FREE OFFER. We will also send you FREE a large assortment of cloth samples and dozens of fashion plates to choose from.

NOTHING LIKEIT EVER OFFERED by any other Tailoring House. We don't ask you to invest your cash profits for your clothes. Ours is a new and better plan. Write at once. There's no time in your town to get this FREE suit.

SPENCER MEAD COMPANY
Dept. 1675 CHICAGO

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Reddening in face, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Disease, Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 100 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON

Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. G. H. Kinsman, Box 901, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

NEW RUPTURE CURE

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS.

Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet FREE.

C. E. BROOKS, 316 B State St., Marshall, Mich

WETO GRAPH SECRET LETTER SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't misspell. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

genial tone. "You don't seem to be quite yourself? Not lovesick, eh?"

Wesley cast him a startled glance, and the telltale blood rushed to his face in a scarlet flood.

"I trust my indisposition is not so serious as that, sir. The truth is, I don't feel up to much today. I guess it's my liver." He stretched his long, muscular arms, and yawned to cover his confusion; but the act did not deceive the sharp old Judge.

"I didn't suppose a healthy young fellow like you had a liver," he replied. "I thought that was a piece of your anatomy you did not acquire until you were nearing the forties."

"You may be right. I believe I'll take a walk. That usually proves effectual." Wesley rose from his desk.

"If it is as serious as I suspect, you'll never be able to walk it off," remarked the Judge, smilingly. "I remember I had an attack of love fever once. It's fatal unless cured."

Wesley laughed, but the laugh had little mirth in it.

"You don't seem any worse for the experience!" he replied, putting his desk in order.

"Not a bit!" the other exclaimed. "I was fortunate enough to secure the right treatment. I married the girl I loved, and if your case is really serious I'd advise you to do the same. Light attacks pass off gradually, however, without leaving any serious results."

Wesley's face had grown almost haggard, and his voice sounded strange when he spoke.

"There are few men who are so fortunate as you," he managed to say. "The lady I love may be far removed from my position in life."

"Don't be a jackass, Orton! No girl is far removed from an honest man whose love is sincere. Did I truly love a girl, and she loved me in return, were she a duke's daughter, I should stop at nothing short of possession. A woman is only a woman, no matter what name she bears."

"I will remember your advice, sir," and a new light shone in his eyes, but as quickly died.

An honest man might hope, but not he. The next few hours might see him a disgraced man. He was a fraud, a living lie. He loved Marion too well to link her name with that of an ex-convict, and yet——

The Judge's voice brought him back to reality with a start.

"You remember that aged woman in San Quentin in whom Marion was so interested, Orton?"

"Yes; Mrs. Hawkins. I believe it was."

"Well, I took the matter up, and the result is that I have her pardon here." He drew a folded paper from an inner pocket of his coat and laid it upon the desk.

"Miss Gray will be delighted. She took such an interest in Mrs. Hawkins' case."

"Marion is an impulsive child," the Judge mused. "It was the woman's age, and her white hair, that appealed to her sympathies, I think, rather than the woman herself."

Wesley went for a long walk, and only returned in time for dinner.

When shown the pardon Marion was madly delighted, but the old impulsiveness was gone.

"I am very grateful to you, papa, for getting Mrs. Hawkins the pardon. I can now redeem my promise to the poor old soul. I should like to see her face when she is told of it." Marion brightened momentarily into a semblance of her former self.

"I think not, puss. I have not the time to take you, and I can't spare Mr. Orton just now. You must content yourself by writing a note to accompany the pardon. Besides, were you to visit San Quentin again you might discover another 'worthy object'"

Marion only smiled, and her father looked disappointed. In the past she would have had a saucy answer ready, and a lively discussion would have followed. Of late the Judge was conscious of a great change in Marion. He missed the old impulsiveness and the merry, carefree laugh was heard less often. The elastic, buoyant step was sedate and slow.

Marion wrote a few kindly words to Mrs. Hawkins, folded the note carefully, and placed it in an envelope. She was about to seal it when she suddenly remembered that her protegee might be without funds to defray her transportation to friends. Opening a drawer in her dressing-table, she took out a crisp twenty-dollar bank note and placed it between the folds of her note. Then she sealed and addressed the envelope.

"Will you please send this with the pardon, papa? I happened to remember that Mrs. Hawkins would likely be without the means to go directly to friends, so I inclosed a trifle to help her in case she is without funds," she explained.

The Judge nodded approval, and as he looked searchingly at the quiet little face, his eyes grew tender and sad.

"You don't look very spry, puss. What is it?" he asked. "Is there a dull, terrible ache that won't be still?" He took her face between his hands and looked searchingly into the depths of her eyes. "Don't take it so seriously, little girl things will turn out all right by and by," he kissed the upturned face.

Marion did not reply; words were not necessary. Father and daughter understood each other.

The following morning, after breakfast, the Judge and Wesley repaired to the library. The former opened the door of the immense vault which was built in the wall of the library—it could hardly be designated as a safe—and taking out a bundle of papers laid them on the desk.

"Copy these in duplicate form," he said, placing a separate parcel at the other end of the desk. "Make three copies of this lot, and be sure to leave the blank spaces only the size of those in the original. The others may be copied singly and each copy pinned to the original."

"I understand," Wesley replied, and at once wrote the directions and pinned them to each package.

"You are a stickler for exactness, Orton," the Judge observed approvingly. "I don't believe you could make a mistake if you tried. Did you ever make a mistake?"

Wesley's face paled a shade or two and he did not reply for a moment.

"Yes, I made one terrible mistake in my life. A mistake that years of conscious effort cannot atone for," he replied, and his voice sounded strange and hoarse.

"Pardon me, Orton, I did not mean anything serious. I was referring to the ordinary everyday affairs of life. It was your capacity for exactness that prompted the question," the Judge explained, somewhat troubled.

Wesley was sorry immediately for having spoken so unguardedly.

"When you have finished copying the papers put them in the black box in the vault. If I am not home by the time you are thru, lock the vault before leaving the library. It closes automatically." He swung the massive door back to its farthest extremity.

Wesley bowed assent, and the Judge took his hat and gloves and departed.

This interesting story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Good Old Times.

"They ought to teach aviation in the schools," observed the man with the machine-cut hair.

"I suppose so," answered the man with the scissored locks, sadly. "They teach everything else nowadays; music and dancing, singing and cooking, candy making, wood sawing and gardening, and they play grand opera records and show moving pictures right in the schoolroom. Going to school must be enjoyable these days.

"Gee! I would have been tickled if I could have stopped rounding up a gerund or diagnosing a pluperfect participle, or pursuing a partial payment example or locating the plains of Mon-mon-topa, and gone out to hear Patti sing 'Annie Laurie' or 'Hear the dawn rise up like thunder' or 'Du bist wie eine Blume.' No playing 'hookey' then."

"True!" said the man with the machine-cut hair, smiling over an unexpressed thought. "These are wonderful times!"

"And yet," continued the man with the scissored locks, "there are a few experiences of my boyhood days that make me glad I went to school at an earlier day. The children of the present generation can never know such joys as the old-fashioned 'thrashing.'

"When I was a boy we kept tab on the thrashing machine as if it was Christmas. 'Where's she going now?' we would ask as the old engine pounded down the road. 'To Tilsons!' Hooray! When the thrashing outfit goes there we're in on it!

"While the thrashing is going on out in the barn the big dining table expands thru the living room, thru the kitchen and out on the porch, and we youngsters race from barn to kitchen and back to the barn again. There are all sorts of things to watch and things to listen to, and goodies to eat everywhere.

"Mrs. Tilson sends me out to the barn to see how the wheat is turning out, and I dash away. Mr. Tilson is a busy man, a dirty man and a noisy man, and as unstable as a flea, but I get hold of him and hang on till he tells me what his wife wants to know.

"Then I speed back like a winged Mercury and dive in among the pots and pans, into some sacred place where only kids with messages are allowed to go, and I tell her that the wheat is turning out fine, and get myself hugged rapturously.

"Maybe you think there wasn't a thrill to those good old times," concluded the man with the scissored hair.

"Makes me happy to hear you tell about them," admitted his auditor, nodding in sympathy.

Nation of Hustlers.

"When America gets into the world war things will happen," said Editor George H. Lorimer at a dinner in Philadelphia. "America invented the submarine boat, the machine gun and the airplane, and when she gets busy warmaking the spectacle will be very remarkable.

"I don't want to brag, but the other combatants in America's presence will be like the young fellow who got the job of private secretary to a multimillionaire.

"The first morning of his new job the secretary showed up at 9 o'clock and found the multimillionaire already hard at work. The second morning he showed up at 8 o'clock, and there was the multimillionaire with half his mail cleared away. So the third morning he showed up at 7 o'clock and the multimillionaire looked up from his desk and said dryly:

"'Young fellow, what do you do with your forenoons?'"

Why the Delay?

Greenberg had taken out an insurance policy on his stock of goods, and three hours later a fire broke out which consumed building and contents. The company could find no ground on which to refuse payment, but in sending the check the following was included in the letter: "We note that your policy was issued at noon on Thursday and the fire did not take place till 3 o'clock the same day. Why the delay?"

Gold Medal Styles

1001 Fashion Masterpieces of 17 Famous Designers All Shown in My $100,000 Free Book—On Credit

$1 Brings this Coat

Send Only $1.00

Express Prepaid

$2.25 Monthly

This delightful, handsome and luxurious coat, stunningly fashioned, is just a sample of my 1001 new styles. It is a prize design and one of which I am extremely proud. Nothing can approach it for less than twice my price.

SALT'S WOOL VELOUR

It is an extremely splendid quality fine winter weight genuine Salt's wool velour. It is so heavy that it does not require lining. It will wear indefinitely and always look beautiful.

Large Ragian bloeeves and long flaring back. Smartly tailored loose belt in front; may be removed if desired. Pockets are well tailored and smartly stitched. Cuffs have a deep gauntlet effect and the stitching and large button trimming is unusually pleasing.

Large Cape Collar extends to a depth of ten inches in back; is trimmed with four rows of tailored stitching and big buttons. May be buttoned up around the face and provides ample protection in the stormiest weather. Length 48 inches.

$1.00 with Order and $2.25 Monthly

Colors: Navy blue, black, dark green, Burgundy or brown. Sizes to fit misses—14, 16 and 18 years; ladies' sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Large sizes cost one-fifth more.

No. A4M883, Price, prepaid..... **$11.98**

Many Months to Pay

© 1917, M. L. A.

If you permit me, I will show you how credit will save you money. So with your Style Book will come a Credit Card opening your account here. When you wish anything, simply tell me to send it on approval, prepaid. Judge your selections in your own way. If they fall short of your expectations, return them at my expense.

Save One-Fourth

I accomplish this saving simply because I buy for half a million women at one time. I deal exclusively with mills and makers.

I have no salesmen or collectors; no store expense; no end-of-the-season left-overs.

For all these reasons, I urge you to ask for my Book now. I can't promise it if you delay.

Do Not Wait

This is probably the most widely known Style Book in America. Each season it brings out scores of the most popular fashions.

Last season, I had to disappoint 100,000 late inquirers. If you wait you are almost sure to miss it.

It pictures 1001 articles of women's and children's wear.

Suits—Coats—Dresses—Waists Skirts—Hats—Shoes—Lingerie—Furs Underwear, Children's Wear, etc. Also 300 Kinds of Piece Goods

To get it, simply ask for it now.

Gold Medal Styles

Few designers produce more than one or two really good models in a season.

So I get my styles by offering prizes to hundreds of famous experts. To my own staff, I offer gold medals.

Then all models are submitted to a board of seventeen fashion authorities. The cream of all selections goes into my Style Book.

Write for it now.

Martha Lane Adams

3403 Mosprat Street, Chicago

(1410)

$5 TO $10 A DAY easily earned taking orders for our high grade Soaps and Toilet Preparations. Our goods well known—nationally advertised. Sell themselves—100% profit. No experience necessary. Write for free sample case offer. Crofts & Reed Co., Dept. C-97, Chicago, Ill.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : ::

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

WIN "MOVIE" STARS' PHOTOS

A beautiful set of the most popular Movie Stars' Photographs on Postcards—all the favorites—will be sent you FREE

FOR SOLVING THE PUZZLE

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around, they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

Try it. It will pay you to try. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us, and inclose 4 cents in stamps, for packing, postage, mailing, etc.; we will then send you the beautiful set of "movie" stars' photographs on postcards, which we know you will appreciate.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS

AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY

We will also make you a present of a Certificate of Entry and 2,000 free Auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid automobile touring car, which we are going to give away free.

You can also win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes such as watches, cameras, and other things you like. We will also send you a copy of two great national popular publications worth 10c. Write your name and address plainly so there will be no mistake.

AUTO PUZZLE DEPT. C, W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FLAREBACKS.

"We ought to send ships to Europe,"
Raged the critics, "and do our share;
We demand that Daniels send them!"
But the ships were already there.

"Our flag must be shown in the battle;
Let Teddy," they said, "be sent!"
But before Teddy's bears could get ready,
The well-trained regulars went.

"We ought to be doing something,"
They rave, "to give Bill a jar!
We ought to be organizing,
And training and——"
Bosh! We are!

CAROLINE'S AMBITION.

Caroline surveyed her family long and thoughtfully before she finally burst forth.

"When will I be a debutante?" she shot at them.

"My stars!" gasped the father of the family, as he dropped his paper. "When do you get time to read the society columns?"

"You needn't make fun," Caroline told him firmly, chin in air. "Harriett has a cousin in the East who is a debutante and all of us girls have decided we would like to be one. Everybody sends you violets and you get asked to scrumptious dinners and proposed to. When I am a debutante——"

"Ouch!" interrupted her father. "That word annoys me. It sounds just like a bill for $2,000 from the dressmaker. Let us pursue the peaceful, sober life of the submerged tenth and give no heed to the follies of society."

"I knew you'd act this way," Caroline told him frostily. "It's because you don't think at all about my future. You have to be a debutante to have any standing at all in society, because Harriett says her cousin, who is one, said so. How do people know you're ready to be asked to parties unless you have a special party yourself to say so? I should think you'd be anxious for me to be popular."

"I never have worried in the least about that," the father of the family assured her. "There is—er—something about you, Caroline, which always demands attention and gets it. If you make up your mind that people are going to notice you, I have not a doubt in the world that they will drop everything else and devote their time to noticing. And you can't be a real debutante, because we are very quiet people and also because I haven't got a million."

"Why must you have a million dollars before you can be a debutante?" demanded Caroline instantly. "Do they ask you?"

"I should say they do," her father said promptly. "They ask you by looking at your house and your clothes and your rugs and elevating their eyebrows—and if the answer is no, they go away and talk about you. They say, for Heaven's sake, why don't those people realize they belong to the baked beans sort instead of the truffles crowd?—and, my dear, did you notice that the filet laces on the table covers was not real? Ridiculous and shocking! Come, let us go to that Russian tea place, where the tea tastes so awful and is so chic, and see if we can't recover from this dreadful effort of a girl trying to be a debutante when she should merely be looking wistfully over the fence and watching us."

"That is all beside the point," Caroline protested. "I never wanted anything in my life so much as to be a debutante. Harriett's cousin had three new evening wraps and one was all ermine and she had ten party dresses all at once and she got a string of real pearls from the family and her picture was in all the papers and they called her the beautiful Miss Gresham. And her mother wrote Harriett's mother that two big catches were crazy about her, but she couldn't decide. I think that must be perfectly exciting! Think of having two men who were catches both on their knees begging you——"

"Caroline," said her mother, "I don't see where you get such ideas. You sound like a melodrama or a kitchen thriller. Get this nonsense out of your head."

"But I won't be a success or anything!" Caroline wailed. "Nobody'll notice me. How can they when nobody says I'm ready to be noticed. And I'll never get married."

"Hist!" counseled the father of the family. "I'll tell you a secret. There were exactly 361,942 girls married in this country last year who wouldn't recognize a debutante from a doughnut. It really can be done. Why, after great efforts your mother married me without having been a debutante and I can recollect several occasions in her life when she had violets presented to her. If you will have sublime courage, extreme faith and luck, you may be able to drag thru your weary, ambitious existence without having been a real debutante, my child. And listen! Nobody does get down on his knees when he proposes. It's not being done in our set any more."

"Oh!" sniffed Caroline in great disgust. "There's simply no use in talking to this family. You just make fun."

Mixed the Letters.

The death of Lord Clonbrock recalls one of the best and perhaps one of the least familiar Gladstone stories. The late peer was a remarkably venerable person and much more sympathetic to the tenants' cause than most Irish Tories. When the agrarian question was at its fiercest he made a pacific and moderate speech in Ireland partly approving Gladstone's land bill. Gladstone saw the speech, and, always eager to gain a recruit, wrote a civil letter, beginning, "My Dear Lord," expressing his gratification at this unlooked-for support and begging his correspondent to waive the ceremony of an introduction and to dine with him in Downing street to discuss some knotty points in the bill.

He handed the letter, as was his custom, to a private secretary to direct and post. The private secretary misdirected it to Lord Clon——, an absentee landlord and an Irish Tory of the hottest type, who was sober only at unprecedented intervals.

The peer came to dine in due course. As soon as the women had left the table the G. O. M. drew up his chair and opened the subject in the most earnest tones.

"I was glad to see that your lordship took a more sympathetic view of the subject than the bulk of your order. You have unequaled knowledge of the Irish tenant farmers. Would you favor me with your opinion of them and of the condition of Ireland generally?"

"Condition of Ireland?" stuttered the wine-charged visitor, "——awful. Tenant farmers? The damnedest, rottenest, most thumbugging set of rascals that ever cumbered God's earth."

Only one observation was open to the discomfited host. "Let us join the ladies."

His Deduction.

A teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the textbook the population of London is very dense."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words; less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, WE NEED MEN AND WOMEN right now to take orders for world's greatest raincoat values. Dandy coat $2.98. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to measure and delivered direct from our big factory to your customer. No delivering. Profit in advance. Easy to sell. Cooper making $300 monthly. Glover $61.50 first four days. Nealy 22 orders in 2 days. Four average orders a day gives you $2600 a year profit. Full outfit and sample coat given. Write for wonderful offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-11, Dayton, Ohio.

QUIT'S GREATEST SENSATION, 11 PIECE toilet goods combination selling like blazes at $1.00 with $1.00 carving set free. Everybody buys. Engle's profit first week $51.00. Great crew proposition. M. Pierce Co., 906 Lake, Chicago.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories." Home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

RUSH POSTAL FOR FREE SAMPLE "SPIK & Span." Wonderful new washing tablet. Washes clothes spotless, without rubbing. Tremendous seller. 200% profit. Free samples to boost sales. Charles Newberry, 200 Peoria, Chicago.

AGENTS—GALLIVER MADE $6.00 IN TWO hours, selling our transfer initials and patriotic emblems. Applied to automobile in ten minutes. $1.35 profit on $1.50 order. Write quick for samples. Auto Accessories Co., 299 Advertisers Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS — TRANSFER INITIALS AND monograms. You apply them on automobiles while they wait. Cost 2c each, profit $1.38 on $1.50 job. Particulars free. Western Motorists Accessories Co., Cheyenne, Wyo.

DECALCOMANIA TRANSFER INITIALS and flag emblems. You apply them on automobiles while they wait. $1.35 profit on $1.50 job. Free particulars. Auto Monogram Supply Company, Dept. F, Niagara Building, Newark, N. J.

MEN, WOMEN SELL MENTHOL OINTment. Leave on trial. Trial is sale. Good sale line. Big pay. Credit and freight allowed. Sample free. Horner Manufacturing, 540, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS—WATERPROOF KITCHEN APRON. Needs no laundering. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical. Big money. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2111 North St., Dayton, O.

DISTRICT AGENTS EVERYWHERE FOR wonderful new automobile fuel. Good pay and car furnished. Write quick for open territory. L. Ballwey, 933 Jefferson St., Louisville, Ky.

YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 595, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.

AGENTS—$30 A WEEK AND EXPENSES selling window gold sign letters. Anyone can put on. Free samples. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago

AGENTS DOUBLE YOUR SALES. INcrease your profits. I'll show you how. Particulars free. Merriman, 829 Leopold St., Huntington, Ind.

1917 SENSATION "SHAVENE" IS TREmendous seller. Shaves without razor. Harmless. Particulars free. M. Rienzi, Cutler St. Newark, N. J.

AMERICA, WE LOVE YOU. This Patriotic picture with the punch. Everybody buys. Sample 10c, color plate free. People's Portrait Co., Dept. F, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS WORKING THE COUNTRY WANTing the best portraits for the least money should send for our catalog. Address Friedman & Co., Box 120, Martinsburg, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lecnitan Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

HELP WANTED

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT JOBS NOW open to men-women, $100.00 month. Common education sufficient. Vacations. Short hours. Rapid promotion. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 30, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

WANT A BIGGER JOB? MORE SALARY? Less work? Particulars free. Henry Shaw, Director, 44 Boylston St., Boston, Dept. 10.

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES — EITHER sex. No bond. Travel or at home. General Supply House, Winnebago, Minn.

$12.50 PER 100 COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. National Directory Works, Little Falls, Minnesota.

BECOME CHAUFFEURS. $25 WEEK. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 809, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 636 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY WANTS young man in each county to learn and do detective work. Write P. O. Box 867, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 820 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $125. Railroads everywhere. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers, $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb

SOUTHERN LAND FOR SALE

THIS LITTLE FARM IN VIRGINIA IS AN ideal poultry and fruit proposition; located in fine community at railroad station and general store in beautiful Shenandoah Valley; 2 miles from good town; modern five room bungalow, nicely furnished; price $1,250, easy terms. Send for magazine and list of farms from $500 up. F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt. N. & W. Railway, 248 N. & W. Building, Roanoke, Va.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY, SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government Institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

$20 TO $50 NIGHTLY. COMPLETE PROfessional outfit, machine, film, everything furnished on payment plan. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. B, 537 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

$50.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. START WITH small capital. No experience needed. Guaranteed machine. Complete outfits. Write for particulars. Monarch Film Service, Dept. C, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO HABIT CURED BY HARMLESS recipe. Sent free. Superba Co., FA, Baltimore, Md.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain patent through our credit system. Talbert & Parker. 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-253 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly. Complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

EASTERN ZINC MINES ARE MAKING BIG money. $100 invested may mean a fortune. Let us show you. Write Helen Mineral Company, 7014 Jenkins Arcade, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments in oil making millionaires. Address Midwest Investment Bureau, 683 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

SONGS, ETC.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 1039 Wilson Ave., Suite 196, Chicago.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY RICH—FOR QUICK RESULTS, JOIN our club. Thousands worth from $1,000 to $50,000 desire early marriage; particulars and photos free. Sealed. Confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 610, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY. YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ON a postal will bring you full particulars concerning thousands of wealthy and attractive ladies desiring early marriage. Write quick. Sincere Club, B520, Valley, Nebr.

MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Mrs. Purdie, Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions. Booklet free, Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

WEALTHY, HEALTHY, HANDSOME, BUT lonely young widow, worth $800,000, wishes to marry honorable man. Write "Mary," Box 4, San Diego, California.

SECRETS, MAGIC, MYSTERY, MIND READing. Send only 20c for this $1 book. Send now. D. Union Book Co., Palatine, Ill.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—BIG PAPER WITH ALL names, addresses, descriptions, photos 25c. Wren, 45, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I HAVE A REMEDY GUARANTEED TO cure tuberculosis; particulars free. Box 8, Palestine, W. Va.

WANT TO MARRY RICH? IF SO, WRITE to C. A. Rowell, Box 160, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000

READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Hope is the froth on a man's imagination.

Good writers are luminous, but not voluminous

The biggest man on earth began life in a small way.

Every man knows about the pebble in his own shoe

People who work hard have no time for insomnia.

Understanding is the path that leads to forgiveness.

Fools throw kisses, but the wise men deliver them in person

When pride heads the procession, poverty brings up the rear.

The future is what we hoped the past might have been but wasn't.

Liquor affects a man's brain, if he has any; if not, it affects his legs.

It is better to be taken by surprise than to be taken by the police.

A man seldom gets so full of emotion that he has no room for dinner.

The best some men can do is to place themselves on homemade pedestals.

Tho the banister of life is full of splinters, man slides down it with rapidity.

Brave is the man who will stand within twenty feet of anything a woman throws at.

Treat the rich man kindly. You may be willing to let him lend you money some day.

There is a beautiful statue in every block of marble, but only an expert can coax it out.

A woman's words are the milk and her meaning is the cream that slowly comes to the surface.

Don't think because a word to the wise is sufficient that people will be eager to speak to you.

The rich man who has nothing to do and the poor man who can get nothing to do are to be pitied.

Conscience tells a man when he is doing wrong, but it is too considerate to inform the neighbors

When at the age of 40 a man meets a woman he vainly loved at 20 he realizes that luck was with him, after all.

Listeners seldom expect to hear any good of themselves, but they are usually satisfied if they hear something bad of others.

Some women who marry in haste are kept so busy trying to support their husbands that they have no leisure for repentance.

More advice would be taken if it were not given in a manner leading the recipient to believe that the giver is anxious to get rid of it.

War and Women

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Givenchy village lies a wreck, Givenchy Church is bare,
No more the peasant maidens come to say their vespers there.
The altar-rails are wrenched apart, with rubble littered o'er,
The sacred, broken sanctuary-lamp lies smashed upon the floor;
And mute upon the crucifix He looks upon it all—
The great white Christ, the shrapnel-scourged, upon the eastern wall

He sees the churchyard delved by shells, the tombstones flung about,
And dead men's skulls, and white, white bones the shells have shoveled out;
The trenches running line by line thru meadow fields of green,
The bayonets on the parapets, the wasting flesh between;
Around Givenchy's ruined church the levels, poppy-red,
Are set apart for silent hosts, the legions of the dead.

And when at night on sentry-go, with danger keeping tryst,
I see upon the crucifix the blood-stained form of Christ,
Defiled and maimed, the merciful on vigil all the time,
Pitying His children's wrath, their passion, and their crime.
Mute, mute He hangs upon His Cross, the symbol of His pain,
And as men scourged Him long ago, they scourge Him once again—
There in the lonely war-lit night to Christ the Lord I call,
"Forgive the ones who work Thee harm. O Lord, forgive us all."

—Patrick MacGill.

A WOMAN'S REGIMENT.

When the "Legion of Death," the title of the Russian woman's regiment, raised by the twice wounded girl officer, Vera Buitchareff, went into action against the Germans near Smorgon on July 25, they captured a number of women, from whom it was learned, for the first time, that German women also were fighting on the battle front in western Russia.

Ten wounded heroines who afterward arrived in Petrograd, said it was reported that of the 200 of the command who reached the front only fifty remained. Twenty were killed, eight were taken prisoner, and all the rest were wounded.

"Several times," said one wounded girl, "we attacked the Germans. Especially memorable was our attack at Novospassky wood, near Smorgon, where the enemy, hearing the voices of girls, lost their nerve. The result was that many of them were killed, wounded or taken prisoner. Among the prisoners were a few women, from whom we learned for the first time that German women also were fighting.

"We did not feel the slightest fear for our personal safety. Our passion was to serve the fatherland. We advanced gayly against the foe with laughter and song, our only unpleasant sentiments being when we first came to the corpses.

"Once, when replying to the enemy's severe rifle and machine gun fire, we discovered to our amazement that all our men comrades in the neighboring trenches had treacherously fled, leaving us—a handful of women—to face the enemy alone."

 Itheta Childe Dorr, the American newspaper woman and writer, after having spent two weeks with the first women fighters who ever were attached to a modern army, reported as follows:

"I spent two weeks with these girls—peasants, intellectuals, doctors, stenographers, telephone operators, and plain girls, and I am convinced there is a place for women in the fighting line as a result of that experience.

"Leaving Petrograd we traveled in wooden bunks on regular trains. All along our journey, station platform crowds greeted us with ridicule

"'Why are you going to fight?' they would jeer.

"'Because you men are cowards!' the girls would shout back

"The 'Legion of Death' has overthrown every convention. The girls in it have forgotten they were ever taught as women—and you've no idea how nice women can be when they are absolutely natural and unselfish."

Russia's women soldiers have pledged themselves to take their own lives rather than become German war prisoners, according to William G. Shepherd, United Press staff correspondent.

Each woman soldier carries a ration of cyanide of potassium to be swallowed in event of capture. The members of the women regiments, now constantly increasing, agreed that death was to be preferred to the fate they would probably meet at the hands of the Germans.

"The 'Legion of Death' fighters are 'good killers,'" says Mr. Shepherd. "I learned this when I talked to five of them, now in a hospital near here, suffering from shell shock. From a woman's lips I heard how she had run a German thru with her bayonet, firing the rifle at the same time. From others I heard how these women and girls, fresh from comfortable homes and universities, went leaping over mangled, bloody bodies in the charge with enemy shells bursting all about them

"But these harrowing experiences of the women fighters have steeled them, and hundreds of other girls, to a new determination to see it thru. Girl soldiers drilling in the streets, are now a common sight in Petrograd. Huge crowds gather daily about the engineers' school where 1,000 girls are drilling, preparing to go to the front. In Moscow 1,000 more are training, while Kiev and Odessa have smaller bands. Premier Kerensky has also authorized the formation of women marine detachments, and has promised to assign them to ships. The new women commands attempt no sort of decoration. Their heads are shaved, and they wear the regulation uniform, including the heavy, ugly army boots.

"The five women fighters I visited at the hospital were partially paralyzed by shell shock. One of them, a peasant girl, smiled joyously as she pointed to a German helmet on the bed beside her It was the first war prize of a Russian woman.

"'I saw a German in front of me as I ran forward with the others in the charge,' she told me. 'It was his life or mine. I raised my rifle. I plunged with all my strength. I stabbed him. The bayonet went deep into his body. At the same moment I pulled the trigger. He dropped—dead. Then I took his hat as a souvenir.'

"The girl soldier smiled with delight.

"'What was the battle like?' I asked another of the legion.

"'I was very nervous just before the charge,' she replied. 'We knew the order was coming, and naturally we were just a little scared. But as soon as the orders to go forward came we forgot everything else in the advance.

"'I could hear our girls yelling and shouting thruout the march forward. None of us were afraid once we got started.'

"Then the girl told how the legion took its first prisoners.

"'As we ran forward we suddenly came upon a bunch of Germans immediately ahead of us. It was only a second until they were right in our midst—or rather until we were all around them. They saw they were caught, and threw down their rifles, holding up their hands. They were terribly frightened.

"'"Good God! Women!" they exclaimed.'"

The women in the "Legion of Death" have proved in the supreme test that they have a place in the fighting line, while the number of women in all armies on the Eastern front is believed to be growing steadily.

WAITING A YEAR.

The many life stories of the late Earl Kitchener have without exception touched upon, the man's marked preferences for unmarried co-laborers. "The most distinguished bachelor in the world" was bluntly impolite enough to consider women "distractions," so far as real work was concerned, and real work was the aim of his career. But among these retold anecdotes one seems to have been entirely overlooked, albeit best of all, according to Everybody's.

A youthful officer had earned so obviously the good graces of his military chief—it was in the days when "K. of K." was remaking the British Indian forces—that he was considered as nearly a "favorite" member of the staff as any one man ever could become with so impartially exacting a commander. Of course his record was unimpeachable; equally, of course, he was more than merely able to support a wife. Still, in view of the Kitchenerian point of view in matters marital, he was with fear and trembling that he asked for furlough to go home and be married.

Kitchener listened patiently, if a trifle wearily, and spoke kindly when he said: "Kenilworth, you're not yet 25. You're in the midst of a piece of work I value and which you're doing excellently. Wait a year. By that time you'll have cleaned the slate—and tried out your own young mind. If then you still desire to do this thing, speak to me again, and you shall have leave, and I'll take you back on the staff afterward."

The year passed. The officer once more proffered his request.

"And you really tell me," asked Kitchener, "that after thinking it over for twelve months you still wish to marry?"

"Yes, sir, very much indeed."

"Adjutant," commanded Kitchener, "Kenilworth is to have furlough to go on his own wedding. And, frankly, my boy, I scarcely thought there was so much constancy in the masculine world."

Kenilworth thout faced and marched to the door, but turned as he was leaving to say:

"Thank you, sir. Only it's not the same woman."

WAR HASTENED WOMAN'S DAY.

"Women are coming into their own today. This war has raised the standard of women," Miss Mary Boyle O'Reilly told the women of the New England Press Association recently. Miss O'Reilly, the daughter of John Boyle O'Reilly, has but lately returned from Europe, where she had been a war correspondent since September, 1914.

"I was assigned a rather broad territory when I went abroad," she said. "The continent of Europe was my stamping ground—England, France, Belgium, Scandinavia, Russia and Poland were included in my district.

"You know little about your sisters on the other side of the ocean today. There are 3,000,000 women working in overalls in England. No woman over there would dare be idle; poverty is no disgrace. No longer do the women of Europe consider the fashions. There are 40,000,000 in Europe without homes, and the women recognize their duty and are doing it.

"No matter who are doing the fighting, in every land that I visited the armies always had the women to speed them up, and out of this awful chaos we will see a noble type of woman rise as it were from the dust, and as the prayer of Poland would say, 'Oh, Lord, let that dust be free.'"

BRAVE WOMEN.

President Wilson wisely made public the letter which the patriotic West Virginia mother wrote him and the encouraging reply he sent her. "I have sent two stalwart, strong, healthy boys to the front," Mrs. Meyer wrote. "While it hurt me very much to bid them good-by, as I may never see them again, yet I know that their country needs them and I must not mind a few more pangs, must I?"

The tonic of that moral tone will have to sustain the country as the selective draft begins taking the men, and in a nonmilitaristic country the moral tone of the women's courage may be the moral tone of the country's courage

Faint-hearted, reluctant women may not make faint-hearted, reluctant men, but they increase the man's difficulties, increase his mental strain, may decrease the general morale and increase the general doubt.

Washington knew what it meant to deal with men torn from domesticity. Brave women will make the national task easier.

NO MONEY NEEDED

This suit is yours without a penny's cost. Just send us a postal or letter today. Let us show you how to get it by our easy plan. No experience needed. Be our agent and make

$10 to $15 a Day

in your spare time. It is dead easy—you never saw a nobbier suit or a more stunning pattern, cut in very latest style. Your choice of 60 fabrics and 20 styles. Drop us a postal card for heavy pattern book, inside information about clothes, self-measuring blanks, etc. SENT FREE. Write today. We Prepay Delivery Charges. Mail Postal Now!

American Woolen Mill Co.
Dept 806 Chicago

ASTHMA
INSTANT RELIEF
DR. KINSMAN'S ASTHMA REMEDY 50¢
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great "Successful" Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 6 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today. DR. A. S. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

APPENDICITIS
If you have been threatened or have GALLSTONES, INDIGESTION, GAS or pains in the right side, write for valuable Book of Information FREE
L. E. BOWERS, Dept. H-64, 219 S. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

SWOLLEN VEINS
are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 327 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

WOMEN WHY WORRY
Ergoll Monthly Regulator safely relieves the longest, most abnormal cases in 24 to 48 hours. No harm, pain or inconvenience with your work. Results guaranteed or money returned. Price prepaid $2.00. Dermitone Remedy Co., 14 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

DROPSY Treated One Week Free. Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling and water reduced in a few days; regulates liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment. Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 6, Atlanta, Ga.

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 2 to 4 hours with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp. DR. E. NEY SMITH, Specialist, 625 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Motion Picture Boys

Or, On a Camera Hunt

By Anthony J. Wayne

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I

THE STUNNING SURPRISE.

WHY, hello, Tom; I was just on my way to your house to hunt you up, and here I find you standing on the bridge spanning Cranberry Creek, looking as sober as any old monk. What on earth were you thinking about, Tom, to heave such a big sigh?"

"You act as if you were half tickled to death over something, Wally, for a fact; but then you're nearly always as happy as a clam at high tide. It's a great thing to be on Easy street all the time."

"But Tom, tell me what ails you, please. We've been good chums for a long time now, ever since your father died, and the photographic studio where he did such splendid work was sold to Mr. Brabant. On that score I think I ought to know what's bothering you right now."

The other boy frowned, and then laughed in a half-constrained fashion, after which he went on to say:

"I guess it's only right I should tell you, Wally. You see, I've had my mind set on coaxing some wide-awake camera man to come up here from the city to take a number of pictures of the canal chute where they haul the boats up the incline, or lower the same thirty feet or more. It has always struck me that would make a big feature for the screen, something novel and out of the common rut. Then there are several other noteworthy schemes I've run over in my mind."

"Yes, I remember, and Tom, the last time we talked it over you told me you'd already written to Mr. Kramer, the gentleman you went with last fall to take pictures of the terrible railroad wreck up at the Mechanicsburg bridge. Did you ever receive any reply from the party, Tom?"

"Yes, just this morning, Wally, and that's what makes me feel so blue."

"Then the answer wasn't as favorable as you hoped to have, I expect?"

"He says he is fairly swamped with business just at present, and on that account couldn't give any definite promise. He was interested in some of the suggestions I wrote about, and hoped that later on he might find the time to take them up with me. It was a nice letter, Wally, but somehow it disappointed me a heap."

Wally chuckled as tho something amused him tremendously. His eyes were fairly beaming with half-suppressed delight; tho it might seem strange that he could appear light-hearted when his comrade was so depressed in spirit.

Both lads lived in the town of Greenville, and during the school season attended Greenville High. But vacation time had just opened, and they had ten long weeks of enjoyment ahead of them, such as the hearts of all boys yearn for during the dreary days of March and April, when winter sports begin to pall upon their minds, and the cold weather hangs on as tho the good old summer time did not mean to ever arrive.

Wally Beck belonged to a family that was fairly well-to-do, so that he never knew the lack of anything. He was the most envied fellow in the whole town, simply because he had a doting rich aunt living in the city, who intended that he should be her sole heir, because he had been named after her husband.

From time to time Aunt Cynthia would send her nephew some costly gift calculated to thrill any boy's heart. Today it was the most wonderful skates ever made; then would come a fine bobsled such as had never been seen in Greenville; or it might be a camera and outfit; a gun; some fishing tackle, with a split-bamboo rod that it was a pleasure to handle; and so on down the whole list.

Wally had a room full of traps sent on by this kind-hearted aunt. He was the envy of all his companions, who only deplored the fact that rich aunts were not plentiful enough to go around. But Wally was a most generous chap, and he delighted in having others enjoy his possessions as well as himself.

His latest acquisition had been a small car, in which he and Tom Canfield had virtually scoured the whole surrounding country on Saturdays and holidays. It was a matter of considerable curiosity among his mates to guess what next would come from that wonderful old lady in the city, whose heart went out to boys and their love for sport.

As for Tom, he had never known such luck. His father, the former town photographer, and really a smart man along his line, was dead; and Tom lived with his mother and three younger sisters in what might be called a humble home.

While the Canfields could hardly be called poor, still there was never any surplus money in their home; so Tom did not know what it was to be able to afford such things as his chum Wally possessed in quantities.

Tom had given evidence of having inherited all the skill possessed by his lamented father along the line of photography. Of course he did not contemplate ever settling down to the humdrum life of an ordinary photographer, being intensely interested in the up-to-date science of motion pictures. He had eagerly read every scrap he could find connected with the business. He even subscribed to a couple of magazines that were issued in the interest of camera operators.

Tom, looking far into the hazy future, fancied himself exploring the wildest sections of the earth in his desire to acquire stunning pictures with which to thrill and entertain vast audiences the country over. He often sighed because he could not lift the curtain and see just how his cherished aim was going to be accomplished.

As Wally had remarked, during the preceding fall a dreadful railroad accident had taken place some distance beyond Greenville, and a gentleman from the city, coming hastily up to secure pictures of the overturned and wrecked cars, found himself greatly in need of assistance. Tom had chanced to meet him, and quickly made a bargain that gave him the opening he had long been yearning for.

During that excursion he had learned many valuable things. Besides, the experience had quickened the fires that were smoldering in his breast; and after he reached home again it was with a burning resolve to pursue steadily the plan of campaign he had laid out for his life work. Germany's Emperor once said that the future of the fatherland lay upon the sea; so Tom Canfield was sure that his future was wrapped up in motion pictures. He could think and dream of nothing else. And now, with the receipt of this letter, some of his ambitious plans seemed to have met a setback.

Wally could not hold in any longer. He seemed to be almost bursting with some wonderful secret. And so, throwing an arm across the shoulders of his dejected chum, he remarked with a tremor in his voice:

"I want you to come over to the house with me, Tom; I've got something to show you. Besides, I want to ask your advice, because you're better posted along certain lines than I chance to be. You'll come, of course, Tom?"

Tom heaved a sigh.

"Perhaps I ought to wait until after I've seen Mr. Redmond, Wally," he said, altho it could be plainly seen that this was spoken with an effort. "I've hung around here bothering my head about that letter too long already. He will be expecting me in his office about this time."

"What are you going to see Mr. Redmond, the grocer, for, Tom?" demanded Wally.

"The fact of the matter is this, Wally," explained the other, with set teeth. "Mother never complains, but I know her resources are always low, and I've about made up my mind that instead of loafing around this summer, I ought to do something so as to provide money to buy my clothes for the fall and winter. And Mr. Redmond has as much as promised me a job in his store."

Wally looked dismayed, and then shook his head decidedly in the negative.

"It would be a shame for you to bury yourself in that old grocery all summer long, Tom," he observed finally. "Now, you come over to the house with me first, before you decide, and give your word. Perhaps I might suggest some other way for you to earn at least as much as old Redmond would pay you, which can't be over eight or ten dollars a week at the most. Let's start right away. I really can't hold in much longer, I'm afraid."

Tom looked queerly at his chum, but apparently not the least suspicion of the amazing truth dawned upon him. Still, he did not offer any further resistance when Wally commenced to urge him along.

All the way to the Beck home Wally kept up a rattling volley of talk. Indeed, Tom became more puzzled than ever, and cast many a curious sidelong glance at the other when he thought Wally was not looking.

Upon arriving, Wally dragged him into the house, and up to the room which had been given over entirely to his occupancy, tho he slept in another part of the house. This apartment was fairly crowded with the possessions of the "lucky boy" who had a rich and extravagant aunt. It would have made any ordinary fellow fairly gape with interest just to look around at all the wonderful things upon the walls, and standing in the corners, every one connected with such sports as Young America dotes upon.

Wally closed the door, and then hastening over to some covered object that rested in the middle of the floor, took hold of one end of the dark waterproof cloth.

"Help me lift this off, Tom," he said, trying to keep his voice steady, but with poor success; and wonderingly the other started to comply.

As the cover was raised Tom gave utterance to a cry that seemed to come from his very heart. No wonder, when his startled eyes fell upon an object that glittered and shone with very newness.

It was a motion picture camera, one of the finest, apparently, that money could purchase. Aunt Cynthia had been the good fairy, of course, from whom this costly present had come; but she must have received particular directions from headquarters, since her knowledge of such things could not be at all extensive.

The two boys stood there like rocks, Wally watching his chum's enraptured face, and Tom just staring as tho he could hardly believe his eyes, that up to now had never played him any tricks.

"Well, wake up, Tom, and tell me what you think of my latest gift from the best and dearest aunt in the whole U. S. A.," finally remarked Wally.

The other gave a sigh. Still feasting his eyes on the entrancing object he went on to say slowly.

"It's a dandy, a beaut, Wally! Why, it's far ahead of the one Mr. Kramer owned. Oh, but it must have cost hundreds of dollars, I'm sure! What a lucky fellow you are, Wally. But say, Aunt Cynthia never thought to send you this glorious thing without you giving her a pretty broad hint?"

"I own up, Tom, that for once I did ask her for something. But she told me never to hesitate to ask a favor, tho I guess the price must have staggered the dear old lady."

"But, Wally, what's your idea?" gasped Tom, commencing to pry around the wonderful camera with trembling and reverent fingers. "Have you taken a sudden notion that you want to pursue the business as a life work?"

Wally laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm afraid I'd make only a poor operator at the best, Tom, because it isn't in my blood like in yours, thru inheritance. No, I had you in mind when I coaxed Aunt Cynthia to indulge me this time."

"Oh! Wally! What can you mean?" cried the other, beginning to look pale with the intensity of his pent-up emotions.

"Why, just this," chuckled the other. "You've kind of enthused me with all your talk of motion picture taking, until I made up my mind I'd just love to get off with you, and make the try. Now, here's a rattling fine camera that'll tickle you to operate; and every needful thing in the way of films and supplies that the people down in the city could figure out we'd want to have. Let's put in our summer vacation getting some smart pictures that might prove acceptable to the firms making a specialty of daily or weekly lines of stirring current events. Now don't bother your head thinking up objections, Tom, because I've made up my mind we're going to do it, and I won't take any refusal."

Tom smiled wanly. Then he slowly shook his head.

"Oh, but you're tempting me terribly, Wally!" he finally said with a gulp, as if half choked. "But I'm afraid I'll have to let the glorious chance pass me by. You see, I told mother about my meaning to work for Mr. Redmond and she seemed so relieved and so proud of me that I really couldn't change my plans, tho it nearly breaks my heart to say 'no' to you, Wally. Some more fortunate fellow will have to be your companion on those delightful trips this summer."

Wally gave him a crack on the back and burst out with:

"Not much they will, Tom! I tell you I couldn't do a thing without you; and what chap in Greenville could handle this complicated camera but you? I've just got to have you along, that's all there is about it; and I've a plan arranged that will upset all your objections. Want to hear about it, Tom?"

CHAPTER II.

AT WORK WITH THE CAMERA.

TOM'S face was a study just then, for eagerness and a growing hope caused the color to come and go in waves, while his eyes burned with feverish desire.

"To be sure I do, Wally!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'd be the happiest fellow in ten counties if there was some way by which I could go along with you, and operate such a jim-dandy camera all by myself. What sort of scheme have you got up your sleeve, you magician?"

"Listen then, and I'll tell you," said the other. "In case we manage to get something worth while this summer, I'm certain one of those enterprising companies will be only too glad to pay a good price for it. That would easily cover all you could hope to make with Mr. Redmond, and give you a jolly good time besides."

Tom hesitated, and the boy who stops to consider such a matter is as good as lost. The temptation was really more than human nature could stand.

"Wally, you win!" he finally exclaimed, as he seized the hand of his friend and wrung it excitedly.

"Then you'll stick by me, Tom; is that what you mean?"

"I couldn't force myself to let this golden chance pass by," admitted the other, grimly. "I might never have such an opening again. Tho of course I certainly do hope we'll be successful, so I can make a little something out of my summer's work."

"I'll guarantee that you'll be well paid, Tom," asserted the owner of the magical camera. "If we fail to dispose of any pictures in time, I shall insist on you accepting the amount you'd have made with the grocer, as a salary while working with me—just as a loan, remember, until our ship comes in. So don't say another word about it, Tom. You remember that I'm just as stubborn as an army mule, once my mind's made up."

"That's all a yarn, Wally," cried the other boy, enthusiastically. "I've known you to give up many a time, when you weren't dead sure you were right. Oh, what a change has come over my fortunes! Half an hour ago I was as blue as indigo. Now the whole world looks bright and glorious. I could almost hug you, Wally, for what you've done."

"Please don't try it, Tom, because I'm cram full of apple fritters, which we had for breakfast this morning, and you know how I dote on the same. But let's sit down and talk our plans for the summer campaign over."

"Just wait a bit, Wally. I ought to speak with Mr. Redmond over the 'phone first of all. I had an appointment with him, and must tell him I've taken up another job for the summer, so he can look for another helper."

"How particular you are about such things, Tom," remarked Wally; "but then that's a part of your nature. Come along downstairs with me, and you can settle the matter in a jiffy. Just tell the gentleman you've accepted an offer to accompany an expedition that is starting out in a day or two to take motion pictures; and that your engagement bids fair to last all summer."

"I will, Wally, and only feel too glad to be able to break off connections. I own up the idea of working in that dingy old grocery store while the other fellows were having a tip-top time this summer didn't appeal much to me, and only a sense of duty toward my mother made me decide to take it on."

This matter was speedily finished, and when the two boys returned again to the den, and Tom examined the working of the wonderful and expensive camera, they seemed to be as enthusiastic a pair of lads as could be found anywhere.

A thousand and one ideas were considered, most of them only to be rejected. All that day they were in consultation, for nothing else could be talked of but the engrossing business that occupied their minds and hearts.

So gradually a program was laid out which called for a start on the second morning, for both boys had certain things that ought to be looked after before they left town. Tom took his lunch with Wally. He could not bear to be separated for any length of time from that magical little box which held such an intense interest for him. Doubtless brilliant rainbows had already taken shape in Tom's mind, and in imagination he already saw himself enjoying the great triumphs that he meant should be his share in the undertaking.

Then, as the afternoon waned, he managed to say good-by to his chum, and start homeward. He wondered how his mother would take the latest news; but then she was so deeply interested in his future, and had such an abiding confidence in his ability to make good, that Tom had little fear with regard to her commendation.

How eagerly he told her all about the wonderful prospects ahead of him, while the three little sisters crowded around and listened. And the good mother, seeing how ardently his face lighted up with enthusiasm, knew full well that

the spirit animating his father filled his veins, so that her Tom was bound to make a record in the field of photography, which he had chosen as his life work.

Tho it would seem lonely with sturdy Tom away from the little home, still she was too wise a mother to dream of throwing any obstacle in the way. And so she made out to be delighted, and ask all manner of questions in connection with the projected enterprise.

Tom had many things which he wanted to look after before leaving home, and in order to accomplish these he had to get up at daylight on the following morning. But Wally soon came along, bent on helping him in his chores, nor would he desist when told that there was no necessity for his lending a hand.

"I've just got to help out, and that's all there is to it, Tom," he told the other. "When we're in camp together we expect to share the work, and why shouldn't I begin now? So just keep still and let me alone. Besides, I really enjoy doing this thing. The trouble is I don't get work enough, and my muscles are growing flabby."

The story got abroad in some way or other, and during that day the boys flocked around to beg just a "peep" at the wonderful camera; for most of them had never as yet set eyes on such a contraption. Besides, as there was a motion picture playhouse in the town, and of course most of them had paid many a visit there, they were more curious to learn how the pictures were taken in the field or the big studio.

By the time night fell the two chums were ready for the start, and thoroly tired out in the bargain. Of course they would get away in Wally's car, which it was hoped would hold all the stuff they expected to carry along, from the camera and complete outfit to a waterproof tent, blankets, cooking utensils, and last, but far from least, plenty of eatables; tho a further supply might be picked up from time to time, as they ran upon various well-stocked farms and stores.

It is doubtful whether either of the boys obtained much sleep on the night preceding their start. Still, this was to be expected, and later on they could find abundant opportunities to make up for this loss of rest.

They were up at peep of dawn, and at 8 o'clock waved farewell to Tom's mother and sisters, who stood at the gate looking after them as long as the car could be seen.

First of all, it had been decided to run out to the canal and learn what prospect there was for a boat going thru that forenoon. Clouds drifted across the sky, but Tom believed that if they were fortunate they might secure what pictures they needed in between the overcast times. Besides, there were clever devices for overcoming the dull effect of an overcast sky, which the young operator was eager to try out.

There had been considerable rain of late, and the roads were not in any too good condition. Speed, however, was not what they were desirous of making at any time, so this fact did not worry either of the lads.

Tom had seen to it that the precious camera was securely placed, so that it could not easily meet with any accident thru rough traveling. Besides, the supplies had been additionally covered, in order to prepare against a downpour while on the road.

When the boys arrived at the point on the canal where instead of the customary lock there was a long slope, up which a boat might be raised, they discovered to their joy that they were just in time, for an ordinary "cruiser" was at that very moment approaching, drawn by a couple of mules, and evidently would soon be signaling for the engine to get busy and haul the cradle on which the canal boat meant to rest up the incline to the next level.

Tom was so eager that he could hardly wait until the car stopped. He had already figured things out in his mind's eye, and knew just where he ought to place his camera in order to take advantage of the sun being behind him; also securing the best view of the boat approaching the ascent.

Wally watched his every move with increasing eagerness. The fact that Tom was now actually engaging in the work that had taken complete possession of his whole heart seemed to affect the other chum more or less. And when he actually caught the cheery clicking of the crank, as Tom started to grip the beginning of his picture, Wally was almost tempted to snatch off his hat and give it a wild wave about his head, such was his enthusiasm.

Then the excited Tom called to him to follow with certain things, as had been agreed upon. He himself snatched up the camera on its steady tripod and hurried off to get in another location, where he could catch the rise of the boat once it began the ascent.

Finally Tom took a turn at the boat on the upper level of water, with the clumsy but serviceable cradle on which it had rested while being drawn upward, the little powerhouse close by, and the grimy engineer standing in the doorway; while the canalboat captain, his assistant, a stout woman who must have been the skipper's wife, and two little flaxen-haired children gathered in the stern to watch the final operation of making their craft Polly Ann famous.

"Well, how do you think you are making out, Tom?" queried Wally, after it was all over, and the boat well on its way along the upper level of the canal.

"I warrant you that's going to make a bully good picture when it's properly developed," asserted the confident one. "I don't know of a thing that went wrong, and the conditions could hardly have been better."

"Still, I'll be a bit anxious until the film has been developed, and we can learn what it looks like," remarked Wally. "You see, there's always a chance of a slip of some sort. I'll never forget the time we were starting in the dark to row out to a duck blind, towing a float that held all the stools or decoys. After pulling like the mischief for nearly fifteen minutes it was pretty aggravating to discover that we'd forgotten to unfasten the rope that held us to the float, so that all our hard work was wasted. I hope nothing of the kind will happen in our case now."

"I mean to make a test tonight," explained Tom. "I'm not one of the kind to take things for granted. It's a heap better to make sure as you go along, and in that way you don't waste your supply of film. Besides, if you've made a mistake you may remedy it by taking a second picture while on the spot."

"Sure," added Wally, looking relieved, "there will be boats coming and going at different times of the day. But I think the chances are ten to one you've done yourself proud with that film, Tom."

"One thing sure, Wally, there's plenty of water lying around this region; for we've had lots of rain recently, you remember. I was thinking what if it happened that the old prediction about that reservoir dam came true, after all, and it gave way this summer. What a thrilling picture such a stunning catastrophe would make if only a fellow chanced to be Johnny-on-the-spot. Not that I want such a thing to happen, goodness knows, because like as not the flood that must be released would clean out the entire valley below, and might take toll of human lives, unless the farmers and others living below were warned in time. Imagine the picture a fellow would snatch off, with a modern Paul Revere riding like the wind to carry the terrible warning, not that the Britishers were coming, but the flood!"

"Oh! I hope nothing as bad as that comes to pass, Wally; but just as you say, if it should, it would be a feather in the cap of any camera man who chanced to be in a position to catch the breaking of the stone wall forming the dam, with the bursting out of the impounded waters as they started on their work of destruction along the valley below. It fairly makes my flesh creep just to imagine such a terrible thing."

The next picture which Tom had scheduled to attempt was a racing railroad train, for such a lively scene is like a motion to adjourn, "always in order." He knew just where to go in order to catch such a view, and when the limited express would be along; so they started forth without delay.

As noon would come and go before the train came, the boys decided to take things easy and "loaf." Lunch could also be dispatched in the meantime; they had had an extra early breakfast, and were already as hungry as wolves. Accordingly this program was carried out, and in the end they settled down to take things easy while awaiting the approach of the train.

It was while thus engaged close to the road that a car coming along drew up. Besides the man at the wheel it contained a gentleman who beckoned to them to approach, which both boys hastened to do.

"Am I on the right road to the big reservoir, boys?" the stranger asked them, at the same time eying their apparatus with more or less interest, for apparently he knew a motion picture camera when he saw one.

"Yes, sir, you are all right," Wally told him. "We don't belong around here, as our homes are in Greenville; but we've come up this way more than a few times while prowling around the country, and we've visited the big reservoir, too. It lies not more than twelve miles further on, and with a rise all the way. It is at the head of the long valley, you know, sir."

"Thank you, my lad," said the other.

(Continued on Page 19.)

Every live, outdoors boy wants to be a Lone Scout

and wants to wear the Official Uniform, designed by and supplied by the Lone Scout Organization.

Two suits in one

This splendid uniform was especially designed and adopted at the request of the members of the Lone Scouts of America, now over 200,000 strong. It is sold only to Lone Scouts, but the Lone Scouts of America is an organization to which all boys can belong.

There is no other uniform like this. ***Suit is made for double duty.***

Mothers and fathers of boys who have received the Lone Scout Uniform agree it is the finest suit they have ever seen for so little money. And Scouts themselves have gone wild over it.

SUIT CONSISTS OF

Coat, cut in military Norfolk style with belt, Scout pants, large haversack and leggings of strong canvas, made in the puttee style, the same design as the leggings worn by officers in the army.

COLOR

Sage green, dirt-proof color that blends with the surroundings in the woods, the latest idea in scouting.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Suit is made for double duty. To change from an everyday suit to the Official Lone Scout Uniform, simply turn up the collar, lower trouser legs below knee, put on leggings and hat.

OFFICIAL LONE SCOUT HAT

Made of fine quality wool felt, stiff brim and semi-stiff crown, of the type known as Officers' Campaign Hat. Sizes 6¼ to 7⅜. Price $1.15.

PRICE

of suit, leggings and haversack, $4.85. In sizes 6 to 17 years. Sizes over 17, up to 20, furnished at extra cost.

IT'S EASY TO BUY THE LONE SCOUT OUTFIT

The Official Lone Scout Uniform Outfit, complete, including coat, pants, leggings, haversack and hat is $6.00. You can buy it complete or a part at a time.

A Bargain for Scouts

Military Norfolk Coat, Scout Pants, Puttee Style Leggings and Official Haversack $4.85
Lone Scout Official Hat.... 1.15
Complete Outfit $6.00
Sizes larger than 17, $1.00 extra on outfit ($5.85 instead of $4.85 for the coat, pants, leggings and haversack.)

Outfit may be bought in parts, as follows:

Military Norfolk Coat..... $2.75
Scout Pants 1.40
Puttee Style Leggings, pair .75
Official Haversack ..... .75
Lone Scout Hat 1.15

Sizes 6 to 17 Years.

Long Trousers $2.00

Be sure to state age, height and weight, also size of hat

If you want us to prepay postage or express, find out amount and inclose with order. Shipping weight of complete outfit, including hat, is four pounds.

Don't Delay—Order Today. Use Order Blank

Lone Scout Supply Company

512 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

The only Company that supplies Official Lone Scout outfits and equipment

ORDER BLANK

Lone Scout Supply Company,
512 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed find.....
(P. O. Money Order or Express Money Order)

for which send me.....

.....
(State whether you want complete outfit or single parts)

Name .....

Town..... State.....
Street No. or
P. O. Box.....

Height..... Weight..... Age.... Size Hat....

How to be shipped.....
(Express or Parcel Post)

(Note—If you are not a member of the Lone Scouts of America, write for directions on joining or read particulars given on Page 15 of every issue of "Lone Scout," official magazine of Lone Scouts of America, 3 cents a copy, and send in your Membership Application.)

THE FAIRY CORNER

INO AND UNO.

Ino and Uno are two little boys
Who always are ready to fight,
Because each will boast
That he knows the most,
And the other one cannot be right.

Ino and Uno went into the woods,
Quite certain of knowing the way;
"I am right! You are wrong!"
They said, going along.
And they didn't get out till next day!

Ino and Uno rose up with the lark,
To angle a while in the brook,
But by contrary signs
They entangled their lines,
And brought nothing home to the cook!

Ino and Uno went out on the lake,
And oh, they got dreadfully wet!
While discussion prevailed
They carelessly sailed,
And the boat they were in was upset!

Tho each is entitled opinions to have,
They need not be foolishly strong;
And to quarrel and fight
Over what we think right,
"I am right! You are wrong!"

SAVED BY DOG TRAY.

Jill's mother was sewing.

"Will you please run over to the store, Jill," she said, "and buy a spool of thread?"

Jill clasped the money in one hand, tucked her newest doll, Mabel Louise, under her arm, and went slowly down the walk. Didn't she like to go on errands for her mother? Yes, indeed! And she liked to go to the store, too, but she didn't like Little Dog Tray.

Little Dog Tray was Tommy Tucker's dog. While Tommy was at school Little Dog Tray stayed at the store, and he nearly always sat on the steps and looked at Jill so sharply and thumped his tail so hard that it was all she could do to be brave enough to pass him.

This day Little Dog Tray came to meet Jill; his lips were curled back over his teeth and his tail wagged hard. Jill screamed so loudly that Little Dog Tray trotted away as fast as he could. Tommy Tucker's father came to the door to see what the trouble was. He told her that Little Dog Tray was just smiling, and that he wanted to be friends, but Jill couldn't believe it. She bought her thread and started for home, but she told Mabel Louise that she didn't think she ever could go near Mr. Tucker's store again.

And then something happened. Away up the street she saw Auntie and Bobbie Shafto and Baby Bunting. She ran to meet them. Baby Bunting held out both arms when he saw Jill. Jill threw the thread into the go-cart, laid Mabel Louise on the grass and gave Baby Bunting a big bear hug. Bobbie showed her his new knife, Auntie gave her a pink cake, and they hurried home to mother.

They had such a good time that afternoon. Jack came home from grandma's and mamma made a picnic party for them on the lawn. Then Auntie asked about Mabel Louise and Jill remembered. She had not taken Mabel Louise up after she had put her down to hug Baby Bunting.

Jill ran down to the corner; there was no blue-eyed, golden-haired Mabel Louise lying on the grass beside the walk, no darling dolly anywhere in sight. Here was trouble indeed! Mother and Auntie came and looked; Jack and Robbie searched; at last, they had to decide that some little girl had found Mabel Louise, and thinking she had no other mother had carried her away.

Poor Jill! She couldn't be comforted, even when mother said, "Take her to the store, boys, and buy her some candy."

Jill almost didn't want any candy, she felt so badly; and she was sure this was no time to meet Little Dog Tray. But Bobbie Shafto coaxed and Jack promised to take good care of her and scare Little Dog Tray away; so she kissed her mother and went away with them. Mr. Tucker was standing in his doorway, and he sent Little Dog Tray away. He noticed Jill's red eyes and sorrowful little face.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"She's lost her best doll," explained Bobbie Shafto.

"She's cried all the way here," added Jack.

Mr. Tucker put both his hands on his sides and laughed.

"Well, now!" he said, "I guess Little Dog Tray knows something about that. You see a while ago he went off for a walk, and he came home with something in his mouth. He knew it shouldn't be out alone, so he picked it up with his teeth and brought it here to the store to me. It had a blue dress and yellow curls, and——"

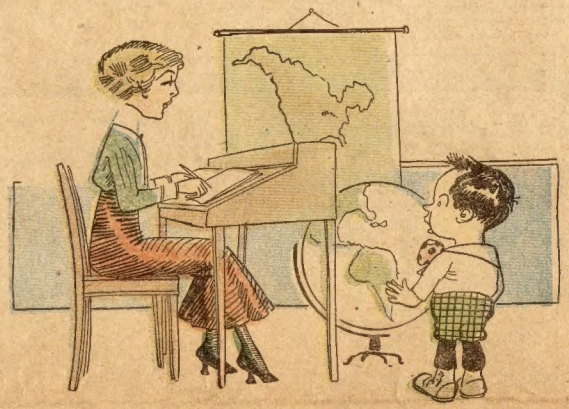
Mr. Tucker reached behind the counter and pulled out——"

"It's my dearest, darling Mabel Louise!" shrieked Jill.

Mr. Tucker whistled softly and Little Dog Tray came trotting into the store.

"He saved Mabel Louise," said Jill, "and I'll never be afraid of him again."

She knelt down on the floor and put her arms around Little Dog Tray's neck and thanked him. Little Dog Tray never said a word, but he gave her a good kiss right behind her little pink ear.



Teacher (sternly)—"Robert, you are incorrigible. I shall certainly have to ask your father to come and see me."

Robert (Doctor's son)—"Better not do that, teacher. Pop charges $2 a visit."

THE HOME GUARD.

"Some day I'm going to be a soldier," Robert asserted, straightening himself.

"Why not start training for one today?" asked his Uncle Jack, looking up from the book he was reading.

"Why—why—I'm too little to be a soldier now, Uncle Jack," Robert replied.

"You are not too little to stand erect and hold your head up and obey orders—are you?" Uncle Jack quizzed.

"I hope not," Robert made answer, throwing back his shoulders.

"Well, then, why not begin soldier practice right away?"

"But—but soldiers have to fight, and I don't think I'm big enough to fight—yet," Robert confessed.

"Then you haven't even the making of a soldier about you; because the youngest child that can stand on two feet can fight some sort of battle," Uncle Jack assured the puzzled little boy.

Just then mother called from the kitchen: "I wonder if my little son will carry this pie over to Aunt Frances?"

"Oh, bother! Aunt Frances lives too far away. Besides, I told Danny Jackson I'd help him fly his kite at 4 o'clock, and it's half-past 3 now. I couldn't go to Aunt Frances' and be back in half an hour."

A scowl instantly settled on Robert's face and his shoulders drooped.

"Attention, company!"

Robert quickly stood erect again. "My! how you frightened me!" he exclaimed.

"That was a soldier's call," Uncle Jack announced.

"I should think it was," laughed the little boy.

"I suppose you know that a soldier's first duty is to obey," Uncle Jack remarked.

"Why—yes," was the hesitating answer.

"I suppose you understand that there are other soldiers besides those who go to war, my little man," Uncle Jack declared, with a smile at the earnest little face upturned to his own. "Soldiers often have to do many disagreeable things and give up a great many pleasures," he went on to say.

"Do you mean that if I give up helping Danny Jackson fly his kite and carry the pie to Aunt Frances I'll be training for a soldier?" Robert asked.

"That is just what I mean, little wise man," Uncle Jack admitted.

"Well, it's a funny way; but perhaps it's worth trying, for I truly want to be a soldier," Robert sturdily declared. "I'll carry the pie anyway, and perhaps Danny will be flying his kite when I get back."

"Very likely. At any rate you will be doing a soldier's first duty, which is to obey orders and go wherever he is sent," Uncle Jack said in an assuring tone.

"Where are you going? I thought you were going to help me fly my kite," Danny Jackson called from a nearby field, as he caught sight of Robert passing up the road with the pie in his hand.

"I'm going on an errand for my general—that's mother. I'm training to be a soldier," Robert called back.

Danny was very much interested to hear what his little friend had to say when he returned to the field where the kite-flying was going on. He immediately wanted to go into training, too. If doing things you didn't want to do helped boys to be soldiers, Danny and Robert both resolved to go right about recruiting for a Home Guard. And Uncle Jack promised to assist the company by his advice whenever they wished for it.

BOY FARMERS.

There isn't any occasion to mourn, even if one is too young to fight. It is hardly necessary to say again what has been said so many times, that there are many ways to serve one's country beside carrying a gun, or helping to man a ship, or driving an ambulance. The men who are doing all these things must be fed and so must the families they leave at home. Why isn't it a great thing and a patriotic one to raise corn, vegetables, pigs and calves?

In Wisconsin there are 22,000 boys and girls organized into clubs—corn clubs, canning clubs, potato clubs, garden clubs—because it is easier to work hard if one has company, and to do better work as one learns from watching somebody else.

One Wisconsin boy, Heiron Block of Rochester, has been working for four years to secure the best possible seed corn, and after he had raised 137 bushels to the acre in 1913 he took charge of all the corn on his father's farm and saved 18,000 ears of high grade corn for seed the following year. He has carried off ever so many prizes, but the best thing about his work is that it helps along the cause of better farming.

George Ferris of Little Suamico, Wis., did even better, for he raised 159 bushels to the acre, and he also is handling seed corn for his father.

In the South there are two boys who have held, not merely State championships, nor even a United States record, but world championships. One of them, a South Carolina boy, raised 228 bushels of corn to the acre, and he kept his honors for several years until an Alabama boy, who is still holding the world championship in corn growing, went past him with a record of 232 bushels. When one remembers that corn is the most important single crop we raise in the United States, and that thirty bushels to the acre was considered a fair yield not many years ago, one realises what these lads have done for their country. And they set an example and provided seed so that others might follow it before they were 16 years of age.

But here is a story even better than the others, for we are more interested in gardens right now than we are in corn. It is about a Southern boy again—Billy Minter of Austin, Tex. When Billy was 10 years old he won a prize of $100 in gold in a vacant lot contest in which 40,000 boys and girls took part. He had a plot 10 by 20 feet, and on it he raised 573 pounds of vegetables, and made a profit of $28.32. No wonder he won a prize. Ten by twenty isn't very much space—just the size of a small room. If Billy had succeeded proportionately with an acre of ground his profits would have been $6,148.

BOBBIE.

A lady of Concord, Mass., writes to the Minute Man about a neighbor's dog. She says she is "one of Bobbie's many friends," and continues: "The little fox terrier is dead. It happened all so quickly for him, who had been such a loving little fellow—run over by an automobile driven at high speed by a boy who didn't stop to learn how the little victim was suffering. After nine days of acute pain the broken foot was amputated.

"At the Angell Memorial Hospital more suffering, and then the decision that the whole leg must come off, so Bobbie was put to sleep.

"I have thought about it a good deal, and I am sure of one thing—no dog I have ever known would have left a little fellow creature wounded by the roadside."

TWO OF A KIND.

Once there was a boy who was so slow that when his parents couldn't think of anything else to do with him, they apprenticed him to a naturalist. He was a willing worker, even if it did take him an hour to give the canaries their seed. One day he had spent the whole afternoon in changing the water in the goldfish bowl. When he had finished he went to the naturalist and asked what he should do next. The man looked at him mildly and said: "I think, Robert, you might take the tortoise out for a little run."

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

Bobbie—"What does it cost to make a letter go?"

Postman—"Two cents."

Bobbie—"D'it you take 'em for children at half price?"

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS! If you make less than $100 a Month you should get in touch with us, the largest manufacturers of transparent handled Knives and Razors in U.S. and we will show you how to make more. Special outfit offer. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

AGENTS AT LAST—A Safe Self-Heating Iron

The only KEROSENE (coal oil) Iron in the world No competition. Every woman wants a safe self-heating iron. Low priced; every home can afford it. Demand perfectly enormous. Big profits. A money maker for agents. Write quick for terms while your territory is still open.

THE KERO-SAFE

Sample FREE to Workers THOMAS IRON CO., 2117 Gay St. Dayton, O.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS!

We want men and women to call at every home and take orders for our fine raincoats. Wonderful values. Dandy coat for $3.98. Sixty-five fabrics. Dozens of styles. Made to order and delivered direct to customers.

Profit in Advance

$88.95 in 1 Week

Bridge Made

Cooper making $300.00 a month. McClary $715 this season. Glover $61.50 first 4 days spare time. Nearly 22 orders in 2 days. Hundreds rolling up profit.

New Plan makes work a pleasure. You simply show samples from our big sample book, name the price, and the order is yours. You get your commission at once. We deliver and collect.

FREE Big cash Prizes in Addition to Liberal Profits.

Free Samples to use in getting orders. You don't need capital. We furnish everything and tell you exactly how to become an expert, money-making, raincoat salesman. If you want $50 a week steady income write us for full information.

The Comer Mfg. Co. Dept. S-13, Dayton, Ohio

AGENTS WANTED

BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Frocks are sparsely trimmed with fur at the present moment.

Gingham to be effective should be combined with white pique.

Long, loose pockets are more graceful and fashionable than the square ones.

The black satin frock embroidered with silver embroidery is one of the prettiest.

Gay little silk handkerchiefs are tucked into the pockets of gay little smock blouses.

Blouses are not quite so fashionable as they were earlier in the season; you should wear a whole frock if you would be in fashion.

Not just as an embellishment are the embroideries of the present season used, but they are used with a most lavish hand, for entire frocks are embroidered, and when the skirt is plain the jacket or the blouse will be entirely covered with a beautiful pattern in either self or a contrasting color.

HEALTH NOTES.

Do not read in bed—it is injurious to the eyes.

Asparagus and creamed celery are excellent for the kidneys, especially the latter. When you cannot obtain it cooked, eat it raw. Drink freely of pure water, also a glass of cool (not iced) water on retiring and arising in the morning.

Bathe the face every night with equal quantities of warm milk and water. It keeps the skin fair and smooth. To preserve a good complexion, never wash the face with hard water. If natural soft water cannot be obtained, throw a little oatmeal in the water used.

Much attention is now being given to the correction of deformities in young people. And this line of work is in the hands of trained specialists. Many a twisted back is improved or, indeed, restored to its normal condition by means of proper exercises persistently and judiciously practiced.

An impoverished condition of the system is sometimes the cause of a red nose and every effort should be made to rebuild the health. Nourishing food, plenty of sleep in a ventilated apartment, requisite exercise in the open and deep breathing will largely contribute toward bettering the general health.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

When salt is forgotten in making bread, before removing the bread from the oven dip a towel in salty water, spread it over the bread and let it remain a few seconds.

A few drops of ammonia put into water that is used for dampening the sponge when applying cleaner to white shoes leaves them beautifully clean and takes out the stains.

Have strips of cardboard in your little girl's dresser drawer and teach her how to wrap her ribbons on them, one on each strip. This eliminates the need of ironing and preserves the stiffness.

To remove wall paper in about half the time it usually takes, use a heaping tablespoonful of saltpeter to a gallon of hot water, and apply it to the paper freely with a whitewash brush. Keep the water hot, and after a few applications you can easily pull the paper from the wall.

A fragrant perfume for putting up into little bags to lay among linen or dresses is made by taking one ounce each of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon and tonquin beans and adding as much good orris root as will equal all the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole to a fine powder and put it into muslin bags.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Take a board that will fit easily in the machine drawer and drive polishing nails in it at regular intervals about two inches apart. Put your spools of thread on these nails, with numbers up, arranging white thread on one side, colors on the other and silks at the back.

One woman found that she could make buttonholes in the sheerest material without any trouble by rubbing a little library paste on the wrong side of the goods and letting it dry before cutting the buttonholes. The paste imparts a firm surface but will not discolor the most delicate fabric.

Tying threads is tedious, and this task can be obviated if at the beginning of the sewing you set the stitches very small for a half inch or so. Then lengthen your stitches to the size you want, but make them smaller again when you get to the end of the hem. You will find that these stitches will not give way after the thread is clipped.

RECIPES.

CARAMEL SAUCE—One cupful brown sugar, one lump of butter size of a walnut, two-thirds cupful cream or rich milk. Boil sugar, add cream, boil ten minutes or longer if sauce is desired thicker. Add butter and when melted remove from fire.

PRUNE ROLLS—One pint new milk scalded and cooled, one-quarter cup butter melted in the milk, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoonful salt, one beaten egg, one compressed yeast cake, flour for a soft batter, and let it rise. When light mix stiff and smooth with a spoon and cover to rise again, and when light flour the bread board and hands and pat the dough until about three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut in circles with a biscuit cutter on each one, pinch the edges together and place smooth side up close together in pans, and when light brush lightly with milk. Bake twenty-five minutes. Prune mixture—Stew one-half pound best prunes and raisins until soft, remove pits and sweeten to taste. Use only fruit and leave the juice.

PEPPERS STUFFED—Cut off the stems and remove the seeds of six green peppers, and then parboil them. Heat a frying pan and melt in it two tablespoonfuls of butter. Next add one chopped onion. Let this cook slowly for fifteen minutes, then stir in four tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs, season with pepper, catchup and salt. When the peppers are removed from the boiling water set them up in a shallow pan like cups and put one tablespoonful of the mixture into each, then into each pepper one egg, covering again with some more of the prepared crumbs. If the eggs are liked soft bake for ten minutes only, but if liked hard bake fifteen minutes. These should be served on toast with one and one-half cupfuls of white sauce, into which have been mixed two tablespoonfuls of mild grated cheese.

THE MEATLESS MEAL.

Many hard-working men cloud up and begin to thunder at the mere suggestion of a meatless meal. Brawn and meat are inseparable terms, they argue, and they would make you believe a single meatless meal would incapacitate them for life. As a matter of fact, declares the Kansas City Star, it is all a question of having them leave the table feeling satisfied. If a man "feels full" when he folds his napkin, if any, he forgets in five minutes whether he had milk or rice for dinner. A clever wife can manage the meatless meal with ease by providing a heavier dessert than common. If he kicks because there is no meat tell him to just wait. Then feed him some bread pudding, with a caramel or some other equally filling sauce. Then he can't kick.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

Guid Wife—"Aw'm awa noo, Sandy. Do you want anything bringing frae the toon?"

Sandy—"Ma snuff's dune. Aw would like ye to fetch me half an ounce."

Guid Wife—"Nay, nay! I cannot allow sic extravagance. Have ye no heard o' the increased price? Juist tickle ye nose wi' a straw instead."

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Hay Fever or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write today and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 477-S, Niagara and Hudson Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:

.....

.....

.....

Motion Picture Boys.

(Continued From Page 17.)

"I'm a stranger around this region. My name is Thompson, and I'm a civil engineer from the city. I've been sent up here to take a survey of the big dam, and make a report on the same. Some people up here seem to be worried about its condition, and consider it unsafe. I hope I find their fears without any real grounds, for it would be a terrible calamity should that dam give way and flood the valley below."

Wally and Tom exchanged serious looks. It was more than passing strange that the identical matter which they had so recently been discussing should once more be brought to their attention in this fashion.

And long after the gentleman had gone on his way, Wally cast occasional worried glances aloft toward the clouds that sailed across the heavens, as tho he wondered whether, after all, anything so serious as the dam breaking might come to pass.

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

Last but Not Least.

"Now, you," said the man who argues, "are the ultimate consumer."

"Not any more. I'm the ultimate economizer."

$3.00 Brings This SUIT

Tailored to Your Measure

on an offer so easy, so liberal, so wonderful, you can hardly believe it. The very latest 1918 style, a perfect fit, magnificent new design, *delivered prepaid. Send no money now, not one cent,* just write us a letter or postal and say, *"Send me your new amazing $3 suit offer"* and get the latest big set of cloth samples to pick from, a great book of all the brand new 1918 fashions shown in gorgeous colors *all FREE,* a tailoring offer so splendid, so marvelous, it's hard to believe; greater and better than any tailoring offer you ever saw. *Now to get all your own clothes free,* how to make all your spending money in your extra spare time, how to become more important, influential and prosperous. Don't wait, don't put it off, write us your name and address now, today, this very minute. Address

BANNER TAILORING CO., DEPT. 640, CHICAGO

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make money pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

9466 Girl's One-Piece Dress, 6 to 14 years.

9468 Bungalow Dress or Apron, sizes 16 and 18 years.

9500 Gown with Surplice Vest, 34 to 44 bust.

9496 Girl's Dress, 4 to 10 years.

9491 Gown with Draped Skirt, 34 to 42 bust.

9465A Child's Cap, one size.

9472 Overalls, sizes 16 and 18 years.

9466 Long Coat, 34 to 44 bust.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free three pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the three that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get six coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the three pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these three coupons entitling you to three patterns, fill out the blank below and inclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

.....CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US.....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to three Pattern Coupons.

NAME.....

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) Coupons good for six months.

Street No. or R. F. D. .....

Box.....Town.....

This is a.....Subscription. (New or Renewal)

State.....

$1 Brings Your Choice

Any article shown here, sent direct to your home, for only $1.00 now. Use it for 30 days, then if for any reason you want to return it, we will pay the freight both ways and refund your money. If you decide to keep it, pay in small monthly payments. (Order more than one article if you wish on the same terms.)

That is the offer from the House of Hartman which gives you an opportunity to share in the benefit of our great buying power and of our charge account system which means getting the utmost in value and the easiest terms. Also learn by actual experience that you cannot suffer loss or dissatisfaction when dealing here. That "the customer is always right" is the fundamental principle of our business. It is the policy on which we have built success from a little store to a $12,000,000.00 concern with hundreds of thousands of customers. It is the policy which we must maintain to increase our success which we trace directly to the satisfaction given to our patrons from the very beginning. No Hartman customer can make an unsatisfactory purchase here.

Send to us for anything you want. Order direct from this advertisement, or get our 454 page book and make your selections from it, and your charge account will be opened. Use coupon below.

Open a Charge Account with Hartman

30 Days' Free Trial

$1 Brings This Roomy Rocker

Use this splendid rocker for 30 days, see what an addition it is to your living room or parlor, and learn by actual use what a comfortable chair it is. Do this before you make up your mind to keep or return it. If you do not find it the most remarkable rocker value you have ever been offered, or if, for any reason whatever, you do not want to keep it, send it back and we will refund your dollar and pay freight both ways. If you find it all you expect, make your payments as outlined below. This is such an extra value and such a handsome piece of furniture that you will never part with it. The description below gives you a fair idea of what the chair really [illegible]

posts are genuine quarter sawed oak, other exposed parts being seasoned solid oak and all in handsome golden oak finish. The seat has four springs supported on tempered steel bands, and there are six 6-inch pillow springs in the back also supported on steel bands. The filling is wood fibre and cotton felt. Handsomely upholstered in imitation brown Spanish leather. Height of seat from floor 17 in. Height of back from seat 25½ in. Seat is 19x19 in. Width of chair over all 30¾ in. Shipping weight about 40 lbs. Shipped direct from Chicago warehouse or factory in Western New York State.

Order by No. 79MA7. Price $8.48. Send $1.00 Now. Balance in payments of 75c each.

$1 Brings This Splendid Hartman 42-Piece "Longware" Aluminum Set

Think of having 42 splendid, genuine, aluminum utensils in your kitchen. Be sure to send for this great "Longware" set on our 30 days' free trial offer and see what a wonderful bargain it is. Guaranteed of proper gauge to give years of service. [illegible] Yours for $1 now. Nearly a year to pay if you decide to keep it.

This set comprises the following articles: 9 piece combination double roaster with two outer shells, inside pudding pan, 6 custard cups with perforated pan holder. Two outer shells make an excellent roaster for chicken, steaks and other meats; using perforated insert and small pudding pan, it is a combination cooker and steamer. The three pans are also used separately over the fire as cake pan, bake dish, pudding pan or for any purpose where open pans are used; 7-cup coffee percolator with inset (2 pieces); 5-qt. preserving kettle; 2 bread pans; 2 pie plates; 1-qt. and 2-qt. lipped sauce pans; 1 ladle; 2 jelly cake pans, with loose bottoms, (4 pieces); 1 caster set, salt and pepper shakers, toothpick holder and frame (4 pieces); 1 measuring cup; 1 combination funnel (6 pieces); 3 measuring spoons; 1 strainer; 1 sugar shaker; 1 grater; 1 cake turner; 1 lemon juice extractor.

Shipped direct from Chicagoware-house.

Order by No. 415 MA12. Price complete set of 42 pieces. Packed in special carton only $9.76. Send $1.00 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1.00 each.

$1 Brings This New Kitchen Cabinet

Save work in the kitchen. Have everything right at hand in this new model Hartman guaranteed Kitchen Cabinet. Sent on 30 days' free trial. A sensational bargain at our price.

Solid oak. Has 40 lb. capacity flour bin with metal sifter. Spice drawers. 7 lb. capacity sugar bin. Rolling pin rack. Roomy china cupboard. 42x25½in. [illegible] table top. Removable kneading board. [illegible] with wire rack. Bread and cake box. Drawer bottoms of 3 ply lumber, will not warp or split. Base mounted on invisible glides. Moves easily and does not scratch floor. Height 65 inches. Glossed golden oak finish. Shipped direct from factory in central Indiana. Shipping weight 175 lbs.

Order by No. 277MA3. Price $17.65. Send $1 now. Balance in monthly payments of $2.00 each.

$1 Brings this 4-Piece Mission Library Suite

Another special Hartman value that will add beauty and utility to your home furnishings. Send for this splendid 4-piece suite, on our 30 days' free trial offer. Only a dollar now brings it subject to your approval. Made of seasoned solid oak, rich, fumed finish; correct Mission design. Chair and rocker very roomy and have genuine quarter-sawed oak arm rests and top panels, also have neat carving. Seats are upholstered over elastic steel slats, well filled with wood fibre and covered with soft cotton jute. Upholstering in imitation Spanish brown leather. Table is 24x24 inches and is ornamented with carving and attractively designed panels. Tabourette has octagon top about 11½ inches across and stands 17 inches from floor. One of the most superb bargains ever offered in Mission furniture. Carefully crated and shipped direct from our factory in Western New York State.

Order by No. 110MA4. Price for the complete set $9.89. Send only $1.00 now. Balance in monthly payments of $1.00 each.

Open a Charge Account Now

Put yourself in a position to buy anything you want and have nearly a year to pay. Hartman service goes much farther than giving value and satisfaction in merchandise. It extends to the making of terms on which you can pay without feeling the cost. Think what a convenience this is. We invite you to join the thousands of satisfied people who are profiting by the trust we put in them, and buying in this easy, modern way—getting the very best merchandise on charge accounts. Do as they have done. Open a charge account with Hartman.

Send Coupon or Post Card for 454 Page Book of Bargains

This book brings the furniture markets of the world to your very door. Every page shows values made possible by the great purchasing power of our organization, and by the expert knowledge of our buyers and merchandise men—values in which you as a Hartman customer will participate on our 30 days' free trial and on our liberal credit terms.

The offerings on this page give you an idea of the thousands of opportunities for thrifty buying presented in this book. Order one or more of these now—direct from this advertisement—sending only a dollar down on each item. Or get the book and select other designs in these articles or other merchandise if you wish. Mark the coupon to indicate what you want—or simply write name in coupon or on Post Card and mail it if Book only is wanted.

Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.,
3926 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 867, Chicago, Ill.

Send me the merchandise marked X it being understood that I am to have the use of it for 30 days and if, for any reason, I do not want to keep it I can return it at the end of that time and you will pay freight both ways and refund my payment. If I keep it I am to have the benefit of the terms indicated on this sheet.

☐ 4-Piece Library Set No. 110MA4. Price $9.89. $1.00 down. $1.00 per month.

☐ 42 Piece Aluminum Set. No. 415MA12. Price $9.76. $1.00 down. $1.00 per month.

☐ Rocker No.79MA7. Price $5.48. $1.00 down. 75c per month.

☐ Kitchen Cabinet No. 277MA3. Price $17.65. $1.00 down. $2.00 per month.

Name.....

Address.....

If you do not wish to order direct from the ad and only wish the 454 Page Free Catalog, simply write your name and address above or send post card request.